# AVANT GARDE #11

## WEDDED BLISS: A PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC LITHOGRAPHS BY JOHN LENNON

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# AVANT GARDE #11

# JOHN LENNON'S EROTIC LITHOGRAPHS

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# FRONT LINES

## MY SON, THE MOTHERFUCKER

So much national attention has been focused on the trial, and tribulations, of the Chicago Seven (Abbie Hoffman, David Dellinger, et al.) that hardly anyone in America is aware of what has been happening to the Jersey City One. The Jersey City One, James York by name, is—like Bobby Seale, once a member of the Chicago Eight—a Black Panther. But unlike the Chicago bunch, York is not accused of anything so frivolous as conspiracy to commit a riot. No, York is charged with something so heinous, so revolting, that even bleeding-heart civil libertarians have stolidly eschewed his cause, feeling that here, at last, is one black man so unfit for human society that he richly deserves whatever awful fate awaits him. James York is accused of so foul a deed that he will rank forevermore with the likes of Jack the Ripper, Gilles de Rais, and the Biblical Cain. For James York is accused of calling a Jersey City cop a "motherfucker." And for this terrible offense, on May 9, 1969, before the Honorable, hard-of-hearing Judge Louis P. Brenner, York was sentenced to six months in prison.

What is so noteworthy about Mr. York's case is not that he got six months for something that a middle-class honky would probably get a mere reprimand for. That happens all the time. It is, as everyone knows, open season on Black Panthers. The real significance of the York case became apparent when he appealed his sentence. For his appeal centered on the interesting question: If someone calls you a motherfucker, should you be insulted—or complimented?

York's mouthpiece is Seymour Goldstaub, a young lawyer who has defended any number of Black Panthers free of charge. (Goldstaub's skin may be white, but obviously his heart is black.) It was the shrewd Mr. Goldstaub who raised the key point in York's case—that the prosecution cannot simply


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assert, from on high, that "motherfucker" is an insult, the prosecution has to prove it.

This line of defense was important because, as it is, any number of Black Panthers, and blacks in general, have been given or face stiff jail terms for allegedly calling cops motherfuckers—Goldstaub alone has three other such cases. It's the cops' clever new way of getting rid of blacks, and you'll never guess who gave the cops the idea. Answer: the Supreme Court. For in the case of Chaplinsky vs. New Hampshire, the Supreme Court ruled that if John Doe calls Sam Schmo a name, and Sam Schmo might be impelled to retaliate physically, then John Doe is guilty of disorderly conduct. The ruling is similar to the court's decisions on pornography, for just as no one can say, with certitude, that a particular publication is obscene, no one can say, with certitude, that a particular word might cause someone to become violent. After all, John Doe may not know that Sam Schmo reacts violently when called, say, a Prohibitionist. Or Sam Schmo may clobber John Doe for calling him a "latitudinarian," simply because Sam doesn't know what the word means (someone who has liberal standards). Then too, we should remember what happens in Owen Wister's novel The Virginian. When the hero is called a son of a bitch by the scoundrel Trampas, he replies, "When you call me that, smile!" In other words, it may be impossible to tell whether or not a word or expression is meant to be insulting.

Just how foolish the Supreme Court's decision was becomes clear from an examination of that ambiguous word, motherfucker. It is black in origin, of course, and probably stems from the 1950s. It is not mentioned in John Dollard's classic monograph on black insults, written in 1939. Jack Lemmon used a shortened version, "mother," in the film The Apartment (1960). Wentworth and Flexner, in their Dictionary of American Slang, 1960, don't refer to it, although they list one meaning of "mother" as "An effeminate male. Some Negro use."

The world's foremost authority on the word "motherfucker" is surely Roger D. Abrahams, assistant professor of English at the University of Texas. Professor Abrahams is the author of a book called Deep Down in the Jungle...Negro Narrative Folklore from the Streets of Philadelphia (Folklore Associates, Hatboro, Pa., 1964), which is invaluable to any student of the word "motherfucker."

Abrahams points out, first of all, how interesting it is that "motherfucker" is of black origin. Because of slavery, and because even today male blacks have difficulty finding jobs, few black men have ever held the traditional father's role in the black family. The black woman has usually functioned both as mother and as father-authority-disciplinarian. Many young blacks, therefore, have unconsciously hostile (Oedipal) feelings not toward their absent fathers but toward their mothers. So it is not surprising, Abrahams writes, "that in this matrifocally-reared group with their violent attraction-rejection of the mother-woman's world that the most frequent obscenity should be so obviously and overtly directed at mother."

Now, obviously the word "motherfucker" can denote that the person so designated has had incestuous relations with his female parent, and in this sense "motherfucker" is unquestionably an insult—you will recall how dejected Oedipus was when he found out that he was a real motherfucker. Here is an example of "motherfucker" being used as an insult, told to Professor Abrahams by a Philadelphia black named Charley.

* * *

Remind me of the time, this here guy was down South. He was from New York. He was the kind of guy, he didn't care about nothing from nobody.

There were these two guys in front of him, you know, at this Mississippi store. Guy had stopped at the filling station. He said, "I want some cigarettes."

"If you what?"

"If you please, Mr. Charlie."

The guy in front of him said, "Could I have some hot dogs, please, sir?"

He said, "If you what?"

"If you please, Mr. Charlie."

He said, "All right."

So this here city slicker, you know, he didn't pay them no mind. He walked up to the counter, you know. He said, "Look here, throw me a pack of them Pall Malls right there, will you?"

"If you what?"

"If you got 'em, motherfucker..."

* * *

On the other hand, the word "motherfucker" also denotes someone who has had intercourse with other people's mothers—and in black culture, this can be complimentary. "If one is trying to assume the mask of a rebel, the motherdefiler, the anti-feminine," Abrahams writes, "then to have it said that one is a 'motherfucker' is honorific, as it casti-




# *Alan Watts would like to discuss*

**the importance of being occasionally crazy,**

**the dangers of literacy,**

**the ethics of suicide,**

**on buying and using incense,**

***and other such matters with you next month.***

photo by Richard Bonzi

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gates the womanly and places both the speaker and the one to whom he refers in a position of power....One of the best things which can be said of a man is that he's a 'mean motherfucker.'"

In Abrahams' collection we find many examples of "motherfucker" being used in a laudatory way.

[A long poem about the sinking of the Titanic tells of a black man, Shine, who swims away and refuses to help the Captain, even when offered money.]

**That's when the Captain's daughter**
**came on deck;**
**Hands on her pussy, and drawers**
**'round her neck.**
**Says, "Shine, Shine, save poor me.**
**Give you more pussy than any black man see."**
**Shine said...**
**"I like cheese but I ain't no rat.**
**I like pussy, but not like that."**
**And Shine swum on.**
**She said, "I hope you meet up with the whale."**
**Old Shine he swim mighty fine.**
**Shine met up with the whale.**
**The whale said, "Shine, Shine,**
**you swim mighty fine,**
**But if you miss one stroke**
**your black ass is mine."**
**Shine said, "You may be king of the ocean,**
**king of the sea,**
**But you got to be a swimming motherfucker**
**to outswim me."**
**And Shine swim on....**

***

[Joke told by Petey]

This guy was riding along with the train. He was riding and riding. He was looking for a bathroom. Couldn't find a bathroom. This guy thought, "Stick your ass out the window." Stuck his ass out the window, took a shit, and two farmers are standing along the side of the road, hit one farmer in the face. Squash! He said, "Damn, those city slickers sure do chew some nasty-smelling tobacco." The other one replied, "But did you see the jaws on that motherfucker?"

***

[A long poem tells of bad man called Stackolee. He gets into an argument and kills the brother of the tough Benny Long. Later he kills Long, too.]

**Just then you could hear a pin drip, for that**
**bad-ass Benny Long walked in the door.**
**Now, he walked over to the bar**
**where his brother lay dead,**
**And quietly said,**
**"Who had the nerve to put a hole**
**in my brother's head?"**
**I jumped up and screamed,**
**"Me, motherfucker, put your mind at ease.**
**I'm known as a bad motherfucker**
**called Stackolee."**

***

The word "motherfucker" has one last meaning—no meaning at all. It is


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used simply as an intensifier, the way lower-class whites use the word "fucker." Among the numerous examples Abrahams gives is:

**I sent that sucker to eternal rest,**
**With thirteen 38 bullet holes**
**'cross his motherfucking chest.**

[Joke told by Petey]

This man used to walk in this grocery store every day. So one day he walked into the grocery store and said:

**I want some motherfucking meat**
**For my motherfucking cat.**
**Not too motherfucking lean,**
**Not too motherfucking fat.**
**I want it packed very neat in a bag.**

[The store's proprietor wants to get back at the man, and by chance hears a little boy swearing magnificently. He hires the little boy to work in the store.]

Next morning, early in the morning, little boy at the counter. So this stud walk in and said:

**I want some motherfucking meat**
**For my motherfucking cat.**
**Not too motherfucking lean,**
**Not too motherfucking fat.**
**Put it very neat in a bag.**

Boy looked up at him, grabbed his bag, and here's what he said:

**Here's the motherfucking meat**
**For your motherfucking cat.**
**Not too motherfucking lean,**
**Not too motherfucking fat.**
**Aim your feet at the motherfucking door.**
**And don't come back no motherfucking more.**

***

To sum up. The word "motherfucker" just doesn't have the meaning to a black that it has for a white. For one thing, even though "motherfucker" can be used as an insult, it can also be used as a compliment—and that takes much of the sting out of it. For another thing, the word is used so often in black culture that its shock effect has worn off. It is no longer a "fighting word."

***

Now that we are all experts in regard to the word "motherfucker," let's see what happened when James York appealed his conviction.

His trial on appeal began last December 11, and among the protagonists were Superior Court Judge Joseph P. Hanrahan. In his 50s, distinguished looking, grey crew-cut. Speaks in an imposing voice, and with what one observer calls "an affected Harvard accent." He's a former prosecutor, and the son of a Hoboken police captain. He is also, as the trial revealed, very much averse to

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2009

using the word "motherfucker."

Patrolman George Zadroga. For all we know, Zadroga may be a very good cop—even though the Jersey City police in general are known as New Jersey's Lousiest.

Detective Kevin Moran. The blacks of Jersey City sing Mr. Moran's praises the way the Jews of Tel Aviv sing Nasser's praises.

Lawrence Miller, 22, who grew up in an integrated neighborhood of Jersey City and is now studying at the Rutgers Law School. A defense witness.

A pretty court stenographer. According to one witness, she blushed furiously the first 50 times the word "motherfucker" was used in open court. The second 50 times it was used, she didn't seem to notice.

When the trial began, Patrolman Zadroga testified that on March 26 he saw York make a U-turn in his car, then told him to pull over and produce his driver's license and registration. York pulled over, and—according to the cop—said, "I don't have to show you white motherfuckers anything." (Or, as the Hudson Dispatch put it, "I don't have to show you white...anything.") Detective Moran backed up Zadroga's testimony. So did York, except that in his version he didn't call the cops motherfuckers, and they said to him, "Shut up, nigger, or we'll blow your motherfucking brains out."

The star witness for the defense was young Miller, who, at one point, seemed determined that the judge himself use the word "motherfucker":

Judge: How often have you heard this term we are concerned about used?

Miller: I have heard several terms, Your Honor.

Judge: Beg your pardon?

Miller: Several terms.

Judge: The one contained in the complaint, are you familiar with the word used in the complaint?

Miller: No, I am not, your Honor.

Judge: The term "motherfucker," how often have you heard that used in the area?

Miller: I don't think I could estimate how many times. It is innumerable.

Later on, Miller told the court that "motherfucker" among blacks is "a means of address, of attracting attention, starting a sentence, opening a conversation." He also told of hearing a black woman ask her son to come inside the house and take out the trash. The boy hesitated, and his mother said, "You motherfucker, get in here!" Although Miller didn't say it, it was clear that the woman didn't mean it literally. My son, the motherfucker?

In his summation, lawyer Goldstaub told the judge that even if York had called the cop a motherfucker, his use of the word was protected by the First Amendment. Policemen are government officials, the lawyer observed, and the public has every right to criticize them severely. Goldstaub also took note of the fact that the prosecution had not demonstrated in any way that the word "motherfucker" was insulting.

Despite Goldstaub's brilliant speech, and despite the subtleties and intricacies of the case, the philological and cultural questions involved, it took Judge Hanrahan a mere 20 minutes to write down his decision. The word that York was alleged to have used, the judge said, in a voice that rose in a crescendo, was "outrageously offensive, repugnant, repulsive, lascivious, licentious, and charges to one's mother the most vile and scurrilous immoral action, so outrageous it could be provocative and cause serious retaliation." As for the testimony of young Miller, the judge sniffed and said, "I find it beyond belief." James York was, in short, convicted again, and he will be resentenced shortly.

* * *

While York will probably be exonerated when he appeals again, in the meantime the cops must be beaten at their own game. Somehow, critics of the Police Establishment must be able to express themselves about the derelictions of the local constabulary, and not be severely penalized later by foolish judges. And there is a solution.

In the early 1960s, according to sportswriter Robert H. Boyle, the word "motherfucker" suddenly entered the vocabulary of America's baseball players. Indeed, one member of the Chicago Cubs—Ernie Banks?—used it so freely that he caused a semantic crisis. Warren Giles, president of the National League, was so distraught that he dispatched a memo to each club forbidding its use, particularly toward umpires, under pain of a five-hundred-dollar fine. "What are you going to say if the umpire is one?" asked one player plaintively."

The players finally hit upon an innocuous substitute for the word "motherfucker." They started telling errant umpires, "You're one of those things!"

A word to the wise is sufficient.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

I was somewhat startled to see your favorable photo-essay on Israel, since it has become so fashionable for the avant-garde, New Left, militant blacks, and other real and self-proclaimed "radicals" to wallow in anti-Israel invective. It would be easy to dismiss this radical position as the latest twist in a Moscow-dictated party line, but, of course, this is not the case. Only arch, unadulterated, and unmitigated stupidity can explain how seemingly some radicals, whose heart is in the right place, can brand as imperialistic a 2-by-4 country of three million people, battling alone for its life—without the help of a single foreign soldier—against 100 million Arabs armed to the teeth with the most modern weapons extant. Once we accept this Left catechism on the imperialistic nature of Israel it logically follows that the staunch anti-imperialistic, the dauntless defender of progress and liberty in the region is—you guessed it—Nasser. That this poor man's Mussolini has invited the only real imperialistic presence in the area—in the form of 5000 Russian officers and "advisers"—is never mentioned in good radical company. Only the militant blacks can top this gross insult to the intelligence. For they find it possible not only to sympathize with, but to identify with, the Arab-Moslem world, which constitutes the only segment of mankind today actively and systematically engaged—in the Sudan and in Biafra—in the genocide of blacks.

Granted, some radicals do express reservations about the progressivism of Mr. Nasser. But when it comes to the "Arab Liberation Movement," they all go into paroxysms of adulation. Has the radical movement in America been so reduced to simplistic, indiscriminate slogan-worship that it can admire murderers of women and children in market places, cafeterias, and waiting rooms, and support "freedom fighters," who have made Sirhan their hero?

Finally, how is it that the Left in America, purportedly deeply preoccupied with priorities and values, can participate in the obscene exercise of comparing Israeli occupation policies with Nazi atrocities? Can anyone in his right mind mention the destruction of Arab terrorists' homes and the slaughter of six million people in crematoria in the same breath?

There are probably many reasons for such tortuous aberrations, but only few excuses. The only remotely relevant excuse I can think of is that myth has so obscured fact in the Middle East that even those who should be better informed have lost their bearings. It is, for example, widely believed that Israel is a nation of European refugees who dispossessed the indigenous Arab population. The fact is that, Golda Meir's Milwaukee accent notwithstanding, over 60% of Israel's population is native to the Middle East. There are more victims of Arab persecution in Israel than victims of European persecution. In fact, the only true refugees in the area, i.e., persons who were either persecuted or forcibly expelled from their homes, are not the Palestinian "refugees" but the Jewish refugees from Arab lands—over half a million of whom have been absorbed into Israel. Conversely, the only unpersecuted minorities in the area are the minorities living in Israel. The quarter of a million Arabs who chose to remain in Israel have enjoyed the highest degree of civil rights and the highest standard of living in the Middle East. On the other hand, the few Jews who did not escape the Arab countries have been victims of hangings, torture, and incarceration. In fact, the Arab states have not been much kinder to their own brethren, the Palestinian Arabs, whom they encouraged and to whose cause they have paid nothing but lip service ever since. Unlike Pakistan, which absorbed millions of Moslems who left India after partition, the Arab states forced the Palestinians to fester in camps, where they became a natural source of mercenary terrorism.

Killers for hire have always infested the Arab world. It is not only part of a cultural heritage, but the result of unemployment, poverty, hunger, and frustration. In the twenties there were Arab terrorists financed by the French to harass the British and the Druse, in the thirties and the early forties they were supported and directed by the Nazis, and in the fifties and sixties by the Russians and Chinese. They have always assumed


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# DYLAN

**"I was on the road for almost five years. It wore me down. I was on drugs, a lot of things, just to keep me going. I don't want to live that way any more. I'm just waiting for a better time."**

*—from the just published Rolling Stone Interview*

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"People up there were saying 'Boy, that's the second James Joyce,' and 'Jack Kerouac again,' and 'Homer Revisited'—they were all just talking through their heads." Dylan speaks frankly in his first major interview after three years of retreat. The entire, unedited interview is in the special second anniversary issue of Rolling Stone, the bi-weekly journal of rock and roll music and the new culture. The Dylan Interview is part of our continuing series of the documents of the New America. Bob Dylan, Rolling Stone—don't miss them now, the chance may not come again.

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the mantle of a "Liberation Movement," but in truth they have always acted as imperialistic agents in the area. And these are the heroes of the New Left! Well, perhaps this shouldn't be too surprising. After all, there are many Jews in the leadership of the New Left, and there have always been Jews who bent over backwards to prove that they could be as antisemitic as anyone else. There have been "Court Jews," Inquisition informers, pogrom leaders, and Nazi collaborators among Jews. Now there are Arafat worshippers. The only difference is that in the past these Jewish Toms were motivated by the hope of survival and by self-interest. Now it is just a matter of choosing an easier target. Fighting Hitler, Brezhnev, Nasser, and Arafat is difficult and distant; fighting Daddy, who contributes to the U.J.A., and doesn't dig rock, and Mommy, who disapproves of "Shikses," is easier and closer.

Ironically, Israel is a society whose structure and ideology are closest to what the radicals profess to strive for. Israel is the only country in the world today in which full equality for all is not only the law of the land but a government policy relentlessly and effectively pursued. When one considers the fact that in Israel people from 80 different national and tribal origins, 10 different centuries, and of all the colors of the human rainbow live together, this looms as its greatest achievement.

Israel is also the only country in the world where there is full equality of the sexes. This is manifested in all walks of life—from the prime minister to the girl-draftee. (The photograph of her in your essay was indeed worth a thousand words—and all the pin-ups ever.)

Israel is the only country in the world in which the true commune ("Kibbutz") settlement ruled by the "one big family" concept of society, where no personal acquisition exists, is not merely a utopian experiment but an integral part of the cultural fabric and the national economy.

Per capita, Israel gives more assistance to the developing countries, mostly in Africa, than all the other nations of the world combined. It is easy for Israel to sympathize with struggling countries, but for so small, poor, and beleaguered nation to extend a helping hand to others is a unique phenomenon in today's self-serving world. The sanctity of life is so cherished in Israel that not one Arab terrorist, including those found guilty of the mass murder of women and children, has been executed. In fact, there is no capital punishment in Israel, except for crimes against humanity committed by Nazis.

Finally, in the economic sphere, Israel has permitted neither poverty nor obscene riches to exist, and it has done so without sacrificing any of the personal freedoms.

These achievements would have been remarkable enough under any circumstances. That they could be attained in a country of 3 million surrounded by the most irrationally violent groups of nations in the world today—is the true miracle of Israel. That the New and Black Left in America is able to side with the servants of Russian imperialism, the totalitarian, Fascist regimes of the Arab world, is the tragedy of the American radical movement.

Much of this cannot be told in a photographic essay, such as the one Avant-Garde printed. But I do wish you had included some pictures that are seldom seen: Photos, drawings, and paintings of Israel as it was years ago. Not for the usual purpose of a "before" and "after" salespitch, but because they would verify what seems to have been forgotten: that when the Jews came to revive the land it was not an Arab land, but a No Man's Land, the land of Malaria—mosquitoes and sand dunes. The Arab towns and villages flourished there only after the Jews made the land inhabitable. Even Jerusalem—the holy mosques notwithstanding—was never an Arab city but a small, walled town in which the Jews had for centuries outnumbered the Arabs.

Such pictures, juxtaposed with the ones you published, would have borne witness to the fact that a marriage of idealism and pragmatism can perform miracles. It can subdue nature and weld a people. Hopefully, it can also bring peace—not only to Israel, but to the entire world.

David Bar-Illan
New York City

---

Comrades:

The reason Golda Meir won't wear a miniskirt is that she doesn't want her balls to show!

Shimon Damari
Tel-Aviv

---

Dear Friends,

The "intellectuals" who participated in your symposium on "The Most Hated Man in America" make me laugh. They should know that the most hated man is not Richard Nixon, not Walter Cronkite, and not J. Edgar Hoover. The world's




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Sir:

I'm told that sophisticated women nowadays obtain abortions simply by having themselves fitted with a birth-control coil after they determine that they have become pregnant. Insertion of the coil automatically aborts the fetus, I am told. I'd appreciate your advice on whether or not this technique really works.

(Miss) Diane Kiker
Franconia, New Hampshire

**Editor's Note:** We are advised by legal counsel that it would be illegal for us to answer your question since postal regulations forbid the dissemination of information on how to create an abortion.

---

Sir:

Warren Boroson's "In Defense of Adolescents" was magnificent. I was particularly impressed by his very apt description of a substantial majority of the teaching "profession." For some time now, I have been seriously contemplating a career in teaching, but I have been somewhat reticent about entering the field for many of the reasons Boroson listed. It is imperative that we bring the teaching profession up to a "professional" level by offering (in many cases) higher wages and demanding better qualifications of our teachers. A B.A. alone should not necessarily be a passport allowing one to tamper with the most precious commodity in our society—the minds of our young.

Roland Lamaune
Durham, New Hampshire

---

Dear Sirs,

The artistic genius of Ernst Fuchs has been long overdue in reaching the United States, and it was a tremendous surprise to find his work gracing the cover of Avant-Garde. But my surprise turned to disappointment upon discovering that you limited your selection exclusively to his erotic art.

Bob Venosa
New York City

---

Editor:

If you ever decide to give an award for the worst article ever published in your magazine, "The Handwriting on the Wall" in Issue No. 10 would win hands down.

I started reading the article with interest because I recognized that a problem did exist in giving Federal aid to parochial schools. It didn't take long to recognize the article for the pile of shit that it was. With much intestinal fortitude I finished the article only more convinced of its total worthlessness.

Mr. Boroson stated some facts and quoted some authorities, but that's about all. He attempted to draw some conclusions which any freshman student of logic could have shot to pieces.

I was kind of undecided about the Federal aid question, but if being against it means association with Boroson, I'll gladly move to the other side.

In the future try to keep the shit out of your magazine.

Michael Botos
South Bend, Ind.

PS. Except for the above, keep up the good work.

---

To the Editor:

My daughter, who is 14, took the liberty of sending you $5 in cash for a subscription without asking for my permission. When I learned of this, I gave her a five-minute lecture for her misdeed. Then your magazine arrived, and all is forgiven! What great taste my daughter has!

(Mrs.) Marjorie Simon
Los Angeles

---

Boys,

May the new Supreme Court curb your abuse of free speech before a wrathful God curbs us all as he did Sodom and Rome. Read the Holy Bible and repent.

Josiah Jefferson
Philadelphia

---

Dear Editor,

I wish to congratulate you on your work concerning the war in Vietnam. Since I am an American-in-exile who deserted from the Army before being forced to kill, I have a strong interest in anyone trying to reform the U.S.A. I can only hope that the spirit of your magazine divines a change in the spiritual values of all Americans. If it does, many of your sons-in-exile will soon be returning.

Christopher Gautschi
Vancouver, B.C., Canada




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- **EF (EPIDERMAL) ART**—Six glorious pages of eight fantastic females illustrating the newest, wildest art form ever.
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- **THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TRIP**—Timothy Leary takes you on a guided visit to turned-on Anglo-India, a hip session at London's Parliament and the Beatles' revelations.
- **I WAS CURIOUS**—Excerpts from the diary of this sensational Swedish film kept by the Director.

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# Do you have a restless urge to write?

If so, you have much in common with successful authors
Read how the Famous Writers School is helping people
turn a restless urge for self-expression into success in writing

By Bennett Cerf

Bennett Cerf [illegible] Famous Writers School [illegible]

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives or loving grandparents — but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life through self-expression.

### Many successful writers know the same feelings

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift that successful authors possess. It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived, to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings.

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist, says he started writing not so much because he wanted to but because he had to. In his own words, "Nothing else would serve. It was write or bust." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, simply says, "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write — you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares this restless urge for self-expression has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing — or you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

### A new kind of writing school

Several years ago, I joined forces with the other authors shown below to form the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help we ourselves would have welcomed when we were starting out. We poured all of our secrets of success into a series of specially created texts and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return your assignments, one of the School's instructors, themselves professional writers or editors, goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue pencilling his changes on your manuscript just as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing.

### Students breaking into print

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. After two years of taking night courses in nothing but mail-to-mail correspondence, reports Lt. Zumwalt of Nogales, New Mexico, "I've sold a story. It was revised from one of your Writing School assignments and sold to a magazine for $750."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California recently sold a "Most Unforgettable Character" sketch to the *Readers Digest*. She says, "There's no question about it — without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Connecticut writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it, "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being, makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart — you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

### Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women who probably are worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training. However you are under no obligation to do so.

Seated, from left: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Agnes Sligh Turnbull, Sherwood Anderson, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Ted Smith, Rita Sterling. Not shown, members of the Guiding Faculty: Phyllis Moseley, Clifton Fadiman, Paul Engle. Photo: Bachrach.

**Famous Writers School**
Dept. W-4731, Westport, Conn. 06880

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and descriptive brochure.

Mr.
Mrs. Age
Miss (Circle one and please print)

Street

City

State Zip

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council

---

The solution: STATEHOOD FOR VIETNAM

Gary Eyand, Jared Barnes
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

As a female subscriber I feel cheated when so many of the female body is openly lavished across the pages of Avant-Garde. Why not devote some of your space to nude men? A lot of your lady subscribers would be delighted. Be subtle. Please don't be so damned conservative and one-sided.

Mrs. Viola Mathes
Norman, Tex.

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Gentlemen:

After reading over the issue of Avant Garde just received, I am convinced that everyone on your staff is SICK. I refer particularly to the article and photo entitled "She Stoops to Conquer." So how many times does one look at and into the same ass? The settings may be different, but the rear-end is still the same. So, if that's the best you have to offer please stick them all up your collective asses and don't bother me with any more issues.

Lawrence Buckner
Jamaica, N.Y.

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From this END

Please don't think of me as being perPUMPtory, for I'm not ASSking much. BUTT, he photographic essay on the REAR of your No. 8 issue was quite HEINOUS the sort I part expected from AVANT-GARDE.

L. Weinstein
New York City

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Dear Sir:

Your current issue devotes more than a third of its space to vivid descriptions of and pictures of the sex act. However permissive society may be today, deplore the use of valuable magazine space for this purpose. I hereby cancel my subscription in disgust.

Cyr Hunt
Baton Rouge, La.

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Letters-to-the-Editor:

For the record, I should like to say that the statement "American Distress" which appeared in the November 1969 issue of Avant-Garde under my by-line was not written by me for Avant-Garde but was an abridgement of a speech delivered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

George Wald
Cambridge, Mass.

**Editor's Note:** Professor Wald is correct. The speech was published in Avant Garde in the belief that it was in the public domain. As indeed Professor Wald acknowledges, it was. To any [illegible] Professor Wald's statement was a contribution by him to Avant-Garde, for which he received [illegible]

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Gentlemen:

Any American with a clear conscience and common sense must agree with Dr. Kunnes [The Doctor Who Called the A.M.A. the American Murder Association] in his accusations against the A.M.A. The A.M.A. has constantly debased our nation's health standard when this standard should be on top of all national priorities, even on top of "Defense" and "Security." A nation of people with ill-health has nobody capable for defense and nothing worth securing. GAUDEAMUS IGITUR, JUVENES DUM SUMUS.

Dr. Philip Kuenstel
Los Angeles

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To the Editor:

As a teacher, I think your article Why Johnny Can't Think for Himself takes a rather limited point of view. Johnny can't think for himself for the same reason that Johnny's teacher can't. Teachers are employed by the System, and that System does its best to crush not only nonconforming creative and intellectual students but also nonconforming, creative and intellectual teachers.

Mrs. J. Gayle Jasso
Los Angeles

---

Dear Avant Garde:

It might interest you to know that the United States Army considers your magazine obscene. I was refused to private first class from specialist fourth-class for refusing to remove pages from Avant Garde that had pasted to my sleeping area on personal orders of the Commanding Officer of the 630th Transportation Company, Captain David C. Wiggins. In addition to fighting the Communist Army, here is fighting pornography.

Both battles it seems to me are futile.

Pfc. Trent W. Baxter
Phu Bai, Vietnam

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- LP record of Beatle John Lennon and Yoko Ono using [illegible] deadpan counterpoint to music by [illegible]ohn] press-clips on their psychedelic Bentley, [illegible]recently censored works, public private love [illegible]ife and other matters not likely to turn up in [illegible]you-[illegible]ngle-ubiquitous [illegible]pro-duction. Side two contains "Radio Play" by John Lennon. It's not what you think it is.
- LP record #2 John Tavener's THREE SONGS FOR SURREALISTS: Rene Magritte, Max Ernst and Salvador Dali. Side two features the Establishment poet Christopher [illegible]ongue reading his NEW NUMBERS (1) "This is the final statement." (2) A policeman is walking," and [illegible]ide was a youth from the suburbs.
- A 600-square-inch typographical triptych (unfold it yourself) by John Furnival entitled EUROPA AND HER BULL. A Rabelaisian view [illegible] Anglo American relations illustrated by a new [illegible] images, art form.
- A "concrete" poem by Ian Hamilton Finlay in the form of a two-page fold-out.
- John Crispin's LONDON DIARY, vest pocket size, 130 pages hand-written throughout by Mr. Lennon. "Reviewers will have trouble with this one."
- Two nostalgic "souvenirs" by Peter Blake [illegible] his [illegible]ove-[illegible]ique first.
- Edouardo Paolozzi's satiric 8-page GAY ATOMIC COLORING BOOK. Color it very Black.
- A set of 3 drawings for Rumplestiltskin by David Hockney. Is reading a grim Grimm.
- A pattern for British knickers by designer Desie Clark.

Also in the 'box': learn what makes the New Aestheles tick, and the new Sexual Athletes itch; discover UFO, Unlimited Freak Out[illegible] magic's return to industrialized society; the Gestalt of the mini-skirt; communications à la W. C. Fields; the myth of "swinging London" as dreamt up by Time and Life; New British Cinema's effect on American Family Life; the sexual behavior of spectators at automobile accidents (didn't know about that, did you?) and much more.

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Containing as many as 16 of 19 creative experiments, each issue is executed by a different team of unruly designers and editors. ASPEN's readers/listeners/viewers, participants never know what will pop out of an issue next. It might be:

**THE WORLD OF THE UNDERGROUND** as explored in sight and sound by Andy Warhol, John Wilcock, Jonas Mekas, Timothy Leary, Claes Oldenburg & **"MUSEUM OF THE MOMENT."** presenting the most unorthodox artists of our generation on 5 LP records, a complete piece of sculpture, 3 articles and four 8mm films. A **"GLOBAL VILLAGE"** inhabited by Marshal McLuhan, John Cage and denizens of Americ[illegible] motorcycle sub-culture (with 2½ foot pipes, sheets, LP records, fold-out posters, multi-media up art and much more!

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**(also included in your subscription)**

**FAR EAST ISSUE**—Promised months ago but postponed till now because of difficulties in assembling, rolling and shipping the many delicate Chinese scrolls from abroad. Which means as an ASPEN subscriber you can still get it. Contents include: FIVE ROLLED SCROLLS (1) Kuo Hsi landscape Sung dynasty 11th century (2) calligraphy scroll from Palace Museum on Taiwan. (3) Chan masterpiece by Yu-Chien. (4) yard-long frieze of Indian temple sculpture. (5) Tibetan thanka PLUS miniature screens from the Shoko Zen Temple in Kyoto + Rajput miniatures from India + Zen parable cards + Fan-fold books + Even a dragon kite you can assemble and fly yourself (local ordinances permitting) + And much more + *All scrolls and "articles" are scented with incense. Truly an issue to hang all over the house!*

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But make haste. The 'box' comprises many parts, created and produced separately in different media by different processes, then combined, collated and, only finally assembled and shipped. We cannot simply run off a million or so copies at the drop of a hat, like Reader's Digest or The Magazine Which means the supply is extremely limited. Please act promptly to claim your $4.00 British Box FREE with a trial subscription to ASPEN.

**SOME ASPEN CONTRIBUTORS**

Robert Rauschenberg, Peanuts, Harold Mayhew Brothers, Jean Renoir, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, William de Kooning, Timothy Leary, Marshal McLuhan, John Cage, Cinetracts, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Susan Sontag, Samuel Beckett, William Burroughs, Sophisticated Nazis, Marcel Duchamp, Contents: Gautama Buddha and numerous Zen priests, Inmates on request, Buckminster Fuller and many more.

ASPEN's BRITISH BOX Collector's Edition

Contributors: John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Marie Snyder, John Crispin, Bernard Smith, Edoardo Paolozzi, Michael Harrison, David Robinson, Ian Ballard, John Furnival, Christopher Logue, Jo Smith, Tony Palmer, Peter Blake, Joel Hockney, Stuart Brisley, Ian Stuart, Tim Hopkins, Mich[illegible], Desie Clark.

Physical Dimensions: + Weight: 16 oz. + Length: 10 in. + Height: 5 in. + Interior: 6½ x 10 in. + Width, Foreman: 9 + Total Items: [illegible] + Price: $4 (U.S.A.) £1-14s Great Britain.

Contents: LP record of John Lennon & Yoko Ono + 3 page [illegible] + 600 square inch folded 20" x 30" [illegible] + LP record of Peter Blake + 8 page [illegible] + 4 drawings by David Hockney + 1 pattern by Desie Clark + 1 LP record of Christopher Logue + 1 LP record of Ian Hamilton Finlay + 1 LP record of Tony Palmer + 1 LP record of Gordon Mumma + 1 LP record of Edoardo Paolozzi + 1 LP record of Stuart Brisley + 1 LP record of Ian Stuart + 1 LP record of Tim Hopkins + 1 LP record of Michael Harrison + 1 LP record of Joel Hockney + 1 LP record of Bernard Smith + 1 LP record of Marie Snyder + 1 LP record of John Crispin + 1 LP record of Jo Smith + 1 LP record of John Furnival + 1 LP record of Ian Ballard + 1 LP record of David Robinson + 1 LP record of Michael Harrison + 1 LP record of Desie Clark + 1 LP record of Stuart Brisley

# For The Sexually Tractable Adult:

# This Explicitly Illustrated Volume

**SEXUAL LOVEMAKING by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.**

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S[illegible] most all males and more than a few female [illegible] sex without ever learning to [illegible] sexual. Yet today, human sexual[illegible] is the legitimate object of [illegible] openly [illegible] and [illegible] are openly explored in lay books and periodicals. But these writings [illegible] deal only with the physio-emotional factors of [illegible] mechanical [illegible] about [illegible] dated taboos and [illegible] more with merely describing the [illegible] *verbal embellishment*. Thus [illegible] in [illegible] on the lovemaking arts [illegible] ways easy to come by, one can [illegible] speculate how many marriages [illegible] thereby.

That's why SEXUAL LOVEMAKING is [illegible] book. That's why author Frank S. Caprio, M.D., an eminent psychiatrist, marriage counselor and radio-famous sexologist, resists the threatening implications of self-appointed critics who exhibit a perplexing world of their own. Dr. Caprio is not a moralizer. He has large [illegible] of a [illegible] American who [illegible] the bold and [illegible] flag-waving [illegible] his book like this could [illegible] unashamedly [illegible] their [illegible] question: Is pleasurable lovemaking [illegible] and sexual [illegible] A third-room book [illegible] then." Yes! Emphatically! Frank [illegible] SEXUAL LOVEMAKING [illegible] more useful [illegible] more [illegible] in the bedroom than in the library. If you find this distasteful, [illegible] need [illegible] wish to read no more for the book itself won't [illegible] get [illegible] you sensible [illegible] If that [illegible] you [illegible] a copy at a special [illegible] introduced price, by returning the coupon below.

### 64 Pages Of Male/Female Positional Photographs

More to be *used* than read, Dr. Caprio's lovemaking guide and aid is swiftly [illegible] you [illegible] mastering the postural attitudes, intercourse innovations and sexual variations which best satisfy a seeking mate's *orgasmic need*. Implementing a mature heterosexuality are over 200 clear sex-act pictures. These precedent-shattering *positional photographs* appear in a bound-in addendum by S. J. Mink, noted medical editor.

This 64-page section has been printed on photo-gloss stock. The original photographs, of articulated anatomical models, are [illegible] screen, photographed thereon. *(NOTE: These definitive photos are [illegible] lighted and composed as to minimize any corporal-personal identification and salacious insinuations obviously however they are intended only for self-instruction by adults. Their reproduction is strictly prohibited.)*

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SEXUAL LOVEMAKING explores not only the biology of male-female sexual apparatus, but also the *sensual specifics* of love making: Loveplay, Intercourse, Arousal Paths, Orgasmic Caresses, Oral Contacts, Fantasies, even so-called "Deviations." These physio-sexual realities are defined and illustrated in 256 plainspoken pages. This bestseller-to-be is unique. Deftly it has you reaching new heights of *mutual* gratification. Indeed, comparing this book to others is like comparing [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] music appreciation. It presupposes your sexual experience, but NOT your sexual performance. It transforms same-old-thing "bedroom encounters" *into excitingly different* LOVE AFFAIRS—again, again and again!

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Sirs

Not [illegible] not open up your latest issue. Its contents is so [illegible] it's not fit [illegible] for a lady like me. It's still [illegible] its wrapper unopened.

Eunice E. Sharp
American College
Tarsus, Turkey

Dear Sirs

Enclosed is my check for a subscription. I am 78 years old and I'm not sure I'm doing the right thing, but my wife recently saw a copy of your magazine at our 50th Anniversary wedding party and she insisted that I enter a subscription, since she liked the erotic art.

Lewis J. Conroy
Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editor

Mr. Scofield's essay "The Black Power Fiasco" was superb. Thus far I had seemed to me that Avant-Garde was just another slave of New Left banality and reactionism. But this essay was truly irreverent, riding roughshod over the New Left's hypocritical racist condescension to anything that is black. What a course of action was offered to the black people, and not melodramatic rhetoric. This is a rarity among articles concerning racial problems.

More writing of this caliber would provide a suitable accompaniment to the virtuosic efforts of your art director.

Valentin Tatransky
Amherst, N.Y.

Dear Sirs

You have no idea how much your magazine means to me. It reaches me on so many levels. I can hardly imagine life without it. Unfortunately, my subscription is up for renewal and I find myself flat broke. Possibly if you published this note as a letter-to-the-editor explaining that I'm an artist, one of your readers might help me out.

Dave Findlay
Apt. 112, 90 Cordova Ave.
Kingston, Ontario
Canada

dearest ones

did you know that on the spine of your issue No. 7 you printed your name and issue number upside down? that is why [illegible] so much

dorothy neely
columbus, ohio

Avant-Garde—

Today I received my first issue of Avant-Garde (after waiting quite a while for it). And I'd like to make a special request. Please send me your magazine in a plain wrapper—not like the one with your name on it that I just got. There's a reason for this. Our mailman knows me and goes to the same church, and I fear that everyone in the Post Office knows what kind of magazine Avant Garde is. I may be the only one getting this magazine in the whole neighborhood or in this city.

Ian, Augusten
Lorain, Ohio

Dear Editor

I think Dick Gregory is great, but for God's sake how can he do that to us Lesbians? I am referring to the issue of Avant-Garde where Gregory describes Lesbians' violating little girls in a prison cell. They should no more be referred to as Lesbians than men who abuse children should be labeled homosexuals.

The women he speaks of have a certain sexual derangement and are certainly not homosexual. Lesbians desire other women not children.

We have enough prejudice against us without adding these emotionally sick women to our ranks. I am very sorry and shocked that Dick Gregory used the term so lightly.

I cannot give you my name, but I would certainly appreciate it if you clarified this matter.

Anonymous!
New York City

Hi

like being a Charter Subscriber to your magazine. I'm 65 years old, and a grandmother, and I just hope I can live long enough to read all of your future issues. Even as recently as 10 years ago I would have been shocked at the material you print. But young people have taken over nowadays, and there's less hypocrisy.

Claire L. Short
Salem, N.J.

Gents

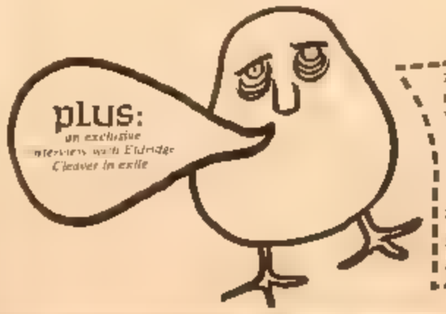
My last issue never reached me. Please send a replacement copy. I work for the Post Office and can tell you that your magazine is one of the service's most popular "abductions."

S. Rubenstein
San Francisco

## The Up Your Tenth Anniversary Issue Of The Realist Editorial Giggy Trip

In 1958 a new magazine of satirical journalism was born with 600 gullible subscribers. Its circulation has since reached 100,000. But ringleader Paul Krassner, after a decade of personal and professional decadence, still edits *The Realist* as if he wanted to offend only those original 600 readers. You are invited to become a subscriber beginning with the special 10th Anniversary issue, which includes the following features:

- The Decline and Fall of the Yippie Empire
- I was a Judge in a Transvestite Beauty Contest and Witnessed the Corruption of Terry Southern
- Did Adolf Eichmann Practice Transcendental Meditation?
- How I Took an LSD Trip with Hugh Hefner and discovered the Message of Marshall McLuhan
- The Rise of Sirhan Sirhan in the Scientology Hierarchy
- The Night Columbia Students Didn't Take Over A Radio Station But the Cops Came Anyway
- An Example of Norman Mailer's Incurable Megalomania
- Why Lenny Bruce Started Using Dirty Words on Stage And What Was His Sex Life Really Like?
- Rosemerica's Baby—a comic strip on political witchcraft
- The Living Bra Is Dead in Atlantic City—or, Tomorrow Miss World
- Inside the House UnAmerican Activities Circus
- The Foreplay and Rape of Fillmore East Under The Anarchist Direction of the Living Theatre

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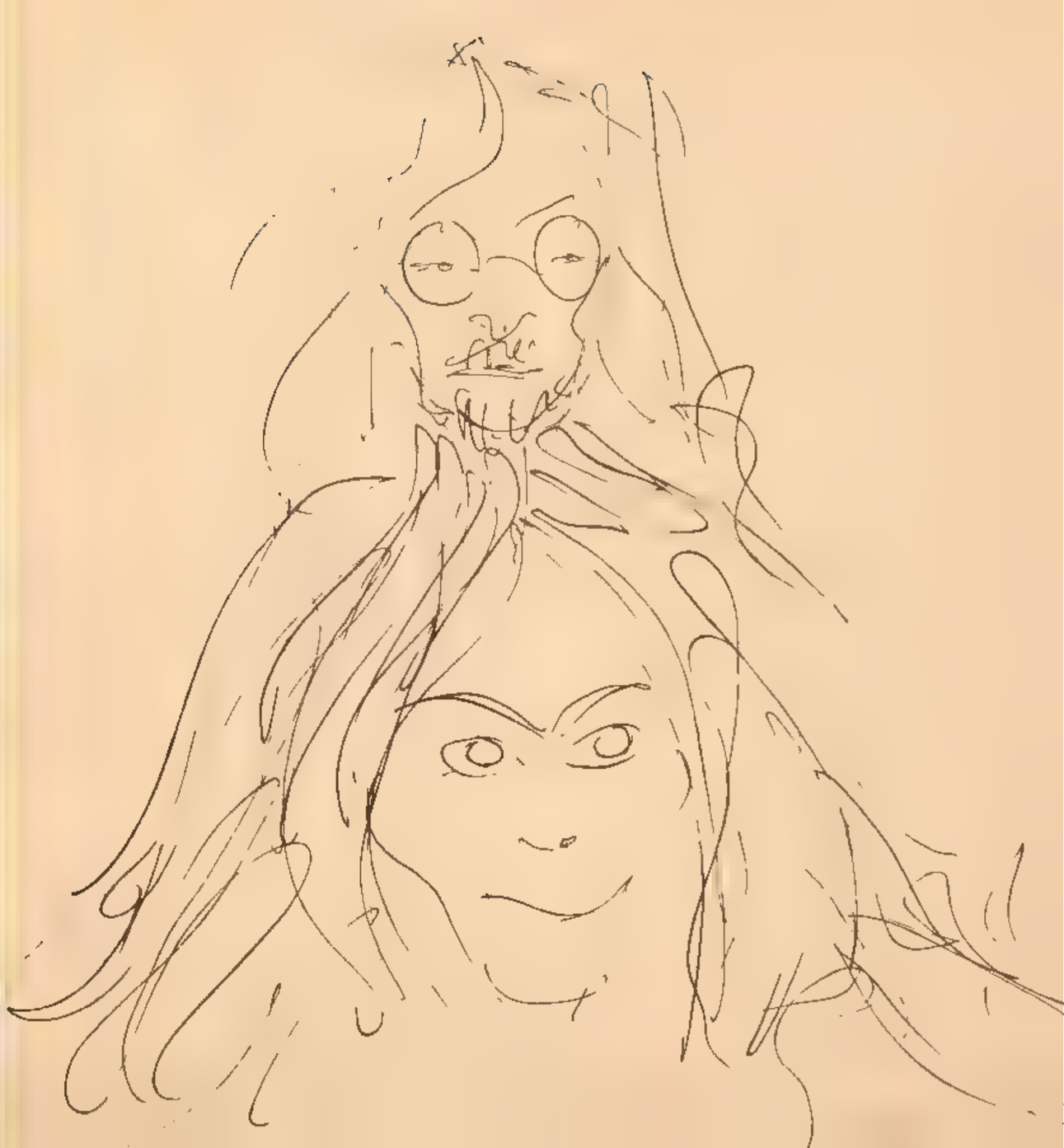
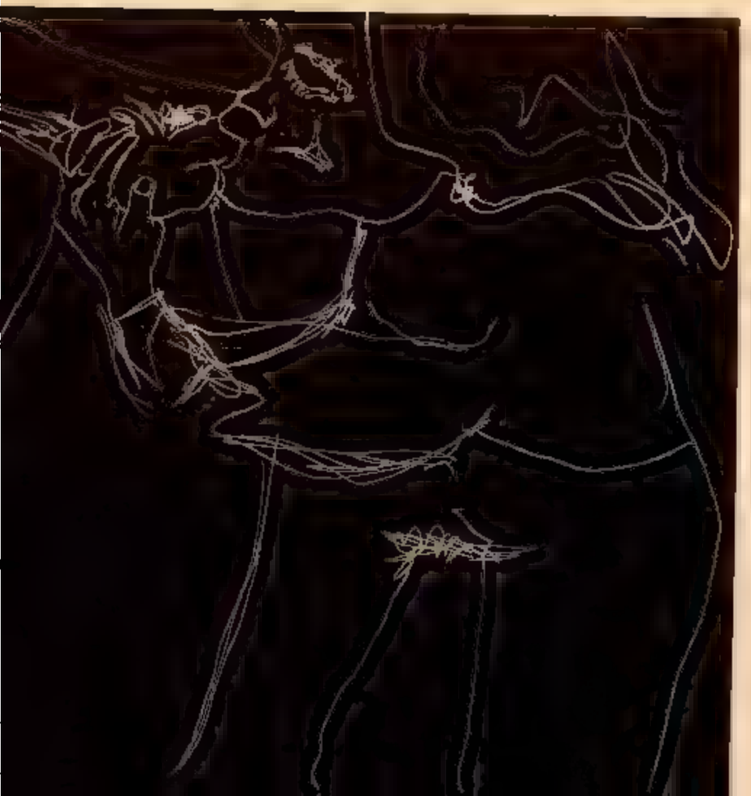
AVANT GARDE

# WEDDED BLISS: THE EROTIC LITHOGRAPHS OF JOHN LENNON

With publication of the lithographs on the next five pages, John Lennon, master musician, promoter of peace, and one of the Now Generation's most inspiring and kaleidoscopic figures, reveals still another of his talents: that of an artist. Avant-Garde is pleased to present this portfolio of lithographs in which John celebrates his love for Yoko Ono. Most of the famous couples of history—Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Pat and Dick Nixon—have left it to our imaginations to envision them joined in the act of love. But here, for the first time, a pair of famous lovers actually shows us how they express their love for one another. The erotic lithographs reproduced here are part of a larger set of fourteen that John has created and that are now being sold, in a limited edition of 300, by art galleries in New York, London, Paris, and San Francisco. The sets are priced at $1,000 each. John has also designed a magnificent white Italian leather carrying bag for each set. His title for the whole package is "Bag One", and he promises that other sets of lithos will follow. It seems as though John Lennon really is into a new bag.





# The Sins of Their Fathers

## THE DOVISH CHILDREN OF 10 HAWKS IN THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION COMMENT ON THEIR FATHERS' ROLES IN THE WAR

COMPILED BY DIANE E. BENTE

All of us know how Vice President Agnew's 14-year-old daughter feels about the war: she wanted to support one of the moratoria. The Vice President censored her, and flushed with victory, went on to try censoring the nation's news media as well. But what about other high Administration officials' children? Do they allow their children to express themselves about the war? And if so, exactly what do the children think? To find out, Avant Garde asked various schoolnewspaper editors to interview 30 such youngsters. Twenty, including Tricia Nixon, whose name, refused to cooperate. (The Silenced Majority we call them.) As for the remainder, most struck us as surprisingly shrewd and sophisticated, and not just because so many of them forthrightly opposed the war. An exception was a young man who compared America's intervention in Vietnam with Lafayette's helping America against the British. Up to that point, we hadn't been aware that the Marquis de Lafayette had murdered innocent American civilians. In all, we were quite favorably impressed with these young people, even if they did place filial piety above any moral outrage, and we hereby suggest that a few of their fathers—well, none of them—resign immediately and nominate their children as their successors.

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**David Laird, freshman**
**the Landon School**
**Bethesda, Maryland**
**son of Melvin R. Laird**
**Secretary of Defense**
**(Interviewed by Jim Sulzer**
**the Landon News.)**

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Of course I'm against the war, like everyone else, I'm against the war in Vietnam. I think the United States has learned that it shouldn't get into another war like this ever again. But I don't think you can blame the Nixon Administration. On the contrary, I think that the Nixon Administration's plan to end the war is a good one, and that Nixon has done a lot that the previous administrations didn't do. For example, the casualty rates are much lower now, and the draft was stopped altogether for two months. The pace of the war is being slowed down, and the Administration has proposed total withdrawal in a whole. No one else has come so close to peace. My father and my older brother, who lives away from home, do not agree on most issues. But between my father and myself there is very little conflict. Just over things like the length of my hair. I think my father has been constructive and effective in his work. I may decide to go into government work myself.

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**[illegible]**
**[illegible] Maryland**
**son of Gen. Wm. C. Westmoreland**
**Chief of Staff, United States Army**
**[illegible]**

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I am against the war, but I wouldn't want immediate withdrawal. Three or four years ago I didn't know much about the war, but then I began to talk to my sister about it. She is strongly opposed to the war. She is 20 years old and goes to college in California. My sister and my father get into a lot of arguments. She brings home students and friends with long hair, whom my father doesn't like at all. He doesn't like me being around them. My father often talks about the way it was when he was a kid, always studying and not roaming around the country, as my sister does. She goes to Appalachia, for example. I respect my father's ideals, although he doesn't like the length of my hair. (Actually, it's comparatively short.) I guess he doesn't like long hair because it is a symbol of being against the system, and my father is all for the system. He likes his job a great deal, although I don't think he enjoyed staying in Vietnam for five years. That really changed him. I myself would not want to serve in Vietnam, although as of now I don't believe that I would resist the draft.

**Elizabeth Thorpe Whittaker, junior**
Dickinson College
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
daughter of Philip N. Whittaker
Assistant Secretary of the Air Force
(Interviewed by J. Lawrence Riley, the Dickinsonian)

My father is a very good man. He's very honest and he has very high ideals. But I don't approve at all of his present job. I think the war is all wrong and his job to a degree is a very bad one. I think we should withdraw now. I think that's one of the main reasons I have trouble communicating with my father. He can't agree with that; he can't understand that. He will throw things at me like "If we withdraw there will be a blood-bath." "We've got to defend democracy," etc. I don't agree with any of that. I don't think that that's why we're in Vietnam. I think it was a mistake to get in there in the first place. People outside the government, like myself, can say this, we can dissent freely. But one of the tragedies is that once you're working for the government, once you're part of it, you're not allowed to dissent. I think this is one of the major hassles in trying to get out of Vietnam. People within the government just cannot admit that they are wrong. They've got to support their government's position. That's their job.

**John L. Resor, junior**
Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts
son of Stanley R. Resor
Secretary of the Army
(Interviewed by James A. Ruben, stem, the Williams Herald)

Dad wouldn't say it, but I think he was against the bombing of the North, as was McNamara. But President Johnson was for it, and Dad has made a point of backing the President, even if he disagrees with him. Dad keeps his personal views to himself. He was a corporation lawyer in New York before he came to Washington and agreed to take his present job because he felt he could do something constructive for his country. Even though I don't agree with everything my Dad is doing, my feeling is that I'd rather have him as Secretary of the Army than anyone else. I know he doesn't have any political aspirations, and he's doing what he thinks best for the whole country. I happen to disagree with him over the draft-refusal case of Muhammad Ali. I think Ali is sincere in being a Muslim priest. Look at how much he has sacrificed for his beliefs! My Dad's position is that the Muslims are against the Vietnam War, but not against all wars, and to get a deferment you have to oppose all wars. I think draft reform is needed here. The thing that bothers me most about the Vietnam War, even more than the 40,000-or-so Americans killed, is the far far greater number of Vietnamese killed, and the widespread destruction of their country. I know that my Dad's thinking isn't as conservative as it might have been 10 years ago, and it's becoming less conservative all the time. Five years ago, if one of my brothers or I were going to marry a black girl, my father would have opposed it, possibly because it might have been hard on our children. But now he'd accept it. Dad appreciates the fact that there is more than just one way to look at things, and he will change fairly easily. I think there is hope for the future.

**Pamela McLucas, graduate student**
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey,
daughter of John McLucas
Undersecretary of the Air Force
(Interviewed by Elliot Greenspan, Rutgers Daily Targum)

Daddy's Undersecretary of the Air Force. That means he is very intimately concerned with the Pentagon. Obviously, there is potential tension there. My younger sister is in VISTA and she is very unhappy that Daddy is involved with the Pentagon. I personally feel that since the Pentagon is not able to be abolished, I would rather have a thoughtful person like Daddy in there than someone in whom I have no confidence. Disharmony between Daddy and me tends to arise mainly from differences in our experience. For example, like every other person in my acquaintance, I'm not overly impressed with Mr. Agnew. Neither is Daddy. On the other hand, Daddy sees merit in some of Agnew's remarks, particularly those concerning the press. The war is really not a hot issue in our home because I myself am not persuaded that we can afford to withdraw immediately. Also, Daddy is working in his office to help work out the withdrawal, so we're sort of heading in the same direction, although perhaps on parallel lines.

**Lindsay McKelvie, freshman**
Ohio Wesleyan College
stepdaughter of Richard Helms
Director of the
Central Intelligence Agency
(Interviewed by Peter Bilington, Ohio Wesleyan Transcript)

I am definitely opposed to the Vietnam War and would like an immediate withdrawal. I feel that Nixon is not fast enough in withdrawing. I'd like to see all the resources now being squandered on the war applied, instead, to meeting our domestic needs. Although my stepfather is a very wise man and is completely tolerant of my political views, we do not discuss politics in the house; in his job he is not allowed to engage in political argument. The CIA is completely apolitical. Therefore, there is no discord in our house concerning the war.

**Lincoln Chafee, junior**
Phillips Academy
Andover, Massachusetts
son of John H. Chafee
Secretary of the Navy
(Interviewed by Richard Samp, The Phillipian)

My father carries out the things he believes in and I think he has done a lot to help our country. For instance, he made the decision not to court-martial members of the *Pueblo*. He told me that he believed it was absurd to court-martial them in the light of the suffering they had already undergone. Even if they were in the wrong, my father felt they had already paid the penalty. As to the war generally, I think we've just *got* to get out. Things are just terrible at present. The Pentagon and military have a tendency to get caught up in the machinery of war and forget about the people. But I think President Nixon is really concerned with the people and is taking them into consideration in his policies. Although I don't agree with everything Nixon does, I do agree with his Vietnam policy. Also, I think Nixon is giving us a more truthful picture of the war than we got under Johnson. We always used to hear that the North Vietnamese lost 2,000 men while the Americans lost 20. Now I feel we are getting the truth, such as the news of the My Lai massacre. Many Americans want out, and when asked "How?" they say "By sea." It's true that we've got to get out, but we can't just abandon the place or there'll be plenty of South Vietnamese slaughtered. On the other hand, plenty of them are being slaughtered right now.

**Roger Kelley, sophomore**
St. Louis University
St. Louis, Missouri
son of Roger Timothy Kelley
Assistant Secretary of Defense
(Interviewed by Mike Forster, the University News)

My father is Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of Manpower, which means the draft. Although I myself am in the top one hundred of the draft lottery, I feel that the draft really is fair. The new system gives you a chance to plan ahead. Of course, it would have been a little fairer if I weren't way up on the list. To my father, his position is just a job, but I am proud to see his name in the news all the time. I don't think that the American people have the whole story on Vietnam, and I don't think they ever will. Not even my father has the whole story. Nevertheless, the basic principle of Vietnamization of the war is a good one, though I might disagree slightly with the rate of our withdrawal. On the other hand, I am against too swift a pull-out because it would dishonor our country.

**Dorsey W. McConnell, junior,**
the Loomis School
Windsor, Connecticut
son of General John P. McConnell
Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force
(Interviewed by Steven M. Engel, The Loomis Log)

I would challenge any family with teen-agers to say they have no generation gap in their home. When my father was engaged in a command position closer to combat, he was always very high strung and really wrapped up in his job. It was hard for him to understand exactly what was going on with American youth because he was so completely out of touch with youth. My brother and I understood this as best we could. Because of our efforts, I don't think there were any real conflicts. Out of consideration for him, we didn't attempt to force any of our more radical ideas on him. But you have to remember that generals are human, too. They have feelings. In fact, they, too, rebelled against the establishment when they were young. I know that my Dad did. He understands why students demonstrate, although he may not agree with their ideas. Even as Chief of Staff, my father has never sold out on his moral ideals. I hope that I can adhere to my moral values as well as he has adhered to his.

**Coleman A. Nutter, junior**
Purdue University
Lafayette, Indiana
son of Gilbert W. Nutter
Assistant Secretary of Defense
(Interviewed by Albert E. Coult, The Purdue Exponent)

I am no bleeding-heart liberal and I'm proud of my father's job. I think we should be in Vietnam and I think we're not fighting hard enough. The way I look at it, the South Vietnamese people are like the American people back in 1776. They're just fighting for their freedom as we were. We had Lafayette helping us, and they have the United States helping them. I think that anywhere in the world we must fight for this type of thing. Our biggest mistake in Vietnam was stopping the bombing. I think we should have said to the Russians, by God either you get your ships out of the ports or they're going to be sunk. Then we send our B-52's in and sink everything in the port. I think the main thing we have to do is show that we're more powerful. We made a commitment in Vietnam and I think rather than have the rest of the world love us, we should have them respect us—respect us for keeping our word, respect us for doing the right thing. I think it's important that we fight the war *to win*.

# THE CASE FOR EXTENDING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY WARREN BOROSON

By the end of the 1970s elementary schools and high schools all over the country will have lengthened their school years. Instead of the Mickey Mouse school calendars we have currently (180 days a year, five days a week, six hours a day), our schools will finally be open for business all year round. Right now the education journals are chock-full of articles explaining the hows and the whys of the extended school year, conferences and seminars on the subject are taking place all over the land.

The Federal government, grieving because $50 billion worth of public-school facilities lie fallow every summer, is even doling out money to help school districts plan changes in their calendars. Most significant of all, a poll of school administrators recently undertaken by the magazine *Nation's Schools* found that 32% think that a longer school year is needed now, while 48% see it as a future possibility—a total of 80% at least seriously interested in the idea. And a few school administrators have gone even further. In 1969, one of the largest school districts in the whole country, Atlanta, Georgia, inaugurated a 240-day school year.

What? Make the little darlings attend classes in the sweltering, enervating heat of June, July and August? Force teachers and students, sworn enemies unto the death, to suffer each other's loathsome company even longer? Why, at the end of this damnfool experiment you'll have kids too exhausted to learn and teachers too jaded to teach.

So say the critics.

But don't you believe it for a minute. To beat the heat of summer, there's a newfangled contraption called the air conditioner. And as for the impossibly long 10- or 12-month school year, it's not quite all that unheard of. Over 50 foreign countries have school years lasting over 200 days. Why, the United States itself had year-round schools back in the 19th Century in Cincinnati, New York, Baltimore, Chicago and Buffalo. Rural schools of the time, on the other hand, shut down when spring came so the students and teachers could help plant crops, then opened again in the fall right after the harvesting. Just to standardize things, the urban schools shortened their school years and the rural schools lengthened theirs, so that by 1915 the nine-month school year was the rule. And nowadays, to quote Atlanta's Dr. Curtis Henson, assistant superintendent for instruction, "In many people's minds God intended children to go to school from September to May."

But the time has come for us to recognize that we aren't an agricultural nation anymore, that students and teachers don't have to frantically race out into the fields come May or June. The time has come for us to catch up with the other nations of the world. For the benefits that would accompany extending the school year are just short of being miraculous.

To understand what these benefits would be, let's first look at how an extended school year might work. One plan is called the rotating-quarters system, and for large school districts it's unquestionably the best. Here's how it works:

The school year is made up of four quarters, each lasting 12 weeks. There's a week's vacation between every quarter, so you fill out the year (four quarters times 12 weeks plus four weeks equals the 52 weeks in a year). Only *three* of the quarters are needed to complete a year's work, since three of the 12-week quarters equals the traditional 180 days (three quarters times 12 weeks times five days a week). Thus, whereas most schools now split a year's work into two parts, the rotating-quarters system would split a year into three parts. Instead of a 10A and 10B, for instance, you would have a 10A, a 10B and a 10C. And because we are dealing with a large school system, there are enough teachers and enough students so that *during every one of the four quarters, teachers are conducting 10A courses, 10B courses and 10C courses.*

All students *must* attend three of the four quarters (180 days). Those students who *want to* can take the extra fourth quarter, during which time they can take electives or they can take the first third of *next* year's curriculum, the 11A. Or students can vacation during a quarter, even, if they choose the first, second or third, because whenever they return to school they can finish out the year's work. As for teachers, they can work for only three of the quarters, or if they want more money, work all four of the quarters.

It doesn't sound like such a big deal, does it? Well, let's look at some of those dividends we promised.

In the short run, the rotating-quarters plan will cost more money. You have to buy more air conditioners, there are more repairs to be made because the schools are being used longer. And then there's all that paperwork—you may even have to rent a computer, which is what the Atlanta schools did. (In fact, it is because of these initial expenses that the few school districts that had extended school years during the early part of this century—Newark, Omaha, Aliquippa, [Pa.], and Nashville—dropped the idea when the Depression rolled around.) On the other hand, many major expenses will remain the same whether or not the schools are used all year round—insurance, debt reduction and the nonexistent rent and taxes.

In the long run, however, the rotating-quarters system could save taxpayers millions if not billions of dollars. For if the student population starts rising dangerously, as it tends to, you won't have to build a new million-dollar high school or elementary school in Veterans Memorial Park. There's still room left in the old school! Under the new system, there are only about 75% of the students attending school at any one time, so class size is reduced by 25%. Which means that if you have a student body of 5000, under the rotating-quarters system you can accommodate 1250 extra students—and without stealing any of the community's desperately needed recreational space. This is one tremendous advantage of a rotating-quarters system that should win over each and every taxpayer.

All in all, the extended-school plan will save any school district about 9.1% of its total operating expenses—and that's an amazing savings when you consider how so many school budgets run into the many millions. That 9.1% figure is the projection of Dr. W. Scott Bauman, author of a pamphlet, "The Flexible System" (obtainable from the Business Research Center, College of Business Administration, University of Toledo, Toledo, Ohio). For you also save on heat and on electricity—there are fewer rooms to heat and provide light for during winter, fall and spring, and as for summer, you don't need heat and there's plenty of light. And you save on textbooks, equipment, and supplies—because 25% of the students can use what the other students have been using.

There's more. With the extended school year, you can cut down on the size of the teaching staff, getting rid of the deadwood that's not protected by tenure. Because those teachers who choose to work during the extra quarter will, in effect, be doing another teacher's work. According to Dr. Bauman, whereas a normal school may need 100 teachers, average salary $6000, and a resultant payroll of $600,000, an extended-year school will need only 75 teachers, average salary $7200, and a payroll of $540,000—a savings of 10% or $60,000.

There's still more. Because of the rotating-quarters system, juvenile delinquency within the community should decline precipitately. With students taking their vacations at different quarters of the year, and with many staying in school all year round (including typical troublemakers, as we shall see), you won't have all those kids at loose ends during the long

hot summer And, very likely, there would be many more jobs available to occupy the vacationing youngsters and keep them out of mischief Instead of having scads of kids looking for summer jobs and many not getting them, you'd have some kids looking for summer jobs and others looking for fall, spring, or winter jobs. The supply of teenagers seeking summer jobs will dwindle, the supply of teenagers seeking jobs during other, busier business seasons, will shoot up. There might even be more *new* jobs available to youngsters. Employers who need permanent help, and not just summer help, could hire different students at different times of the year to do a year-round job

Teachers will get their just deserts, too For one thing, they'll be entitled to hefty salary raises a teacher getting $10,000 a year who works the extra quarter will be entitled to $12,500 a year Naturally, with the higher salary, the teacher's prestige will go up. So will his self-esteem, since he will no longer have to become a shoe salesman or a gas-station attendant during the summer months (three-fourths of all male teachers do get non-teaching summer jobs) And we are likely to get more male teachers in our schools, giving our male students better people to emulate - because the higher salaries make the job more attractive. And besides, the fact that teaching is a part-time job has made it seem a somewhat effeminate occupation

And yes, many teachers *will* choose to work the whole year round It is gradually dawning on them that, at present, they do *not* get a three-months' vacation with pay Teachers are paid, as the courts have ruled, only for the time they teach If they receive salary checks during the summer, it's deferred earnings that they're getting Today's teachers get *no vacation at all*, they are simply laid off during the summer. And one of these days some clever teacher somewhere is going to apply for unemployment insurance when school ends and he's going to have a mighty good case in court

One of the continuing mysteries of American culture is the fact that, come June, July and August, nearly everybody goes on vacation True, it was a splendid idea once - before airplanes, trains, and buses came along that could travel in the winter, and before air conditioners came along to make summertime living truly easy But today you can have a fine time staying home during the summer, traipsing over to an ocean or lake or public pool for a swim and getting there and back in your air-conditioned car It's winter that's still unpleasant, and it's during winter when you *should* visit sunny Florida or sunny California or sunny Italy Or go in the fall or the spring instead, when you can still get bargain rates on everything and avoid nerve-wracking crowds and congestion So why don't more people stay home in summer and vacation some other time? Because their kids aren't at school in summer, that's why

The rotating-quarters system would change all that Mom and Pop could vacation any time they wanted to and they could take their kids with them In fact, this is another way in which the community benefits When working parents start staying home during summers, there won't be the traditional summer business slack (The Atlanta business community, for just this reason, was eager for the schools there to adopt the rotating-quarters system )

Another way in which parents will profit is by not being penalized so much if they have a child born in January I've witnessed bitter school disputes because a mother's 4-1 . 12th-year-old child had to wait until he was 5-11 12 years old before he could enter the first grade - at which time he was the oldest kid in class Under the rotating-quarters system, the most any child can lose because of his date of birth will be three months

The rotating-quarters system will see to it that ambitious students are given a boost up, while slow learners are given a helping hand

Today, when the educational process seems interminable, when you must study for years and years if you want to become a professional man, something drastic must be done to curtail the years of schooling This is just what the extended school year accomplishes - and not even very drastically An ambitious student he doesn't have to be all that smart can take the fourth quarter every year from the first grade through the 12th grade. When he graduates high school, he will have advanced by 12 quarters which translates into *three years of his educational life* He won't be 17 or 18 when he graduates, he'll be only 14 or 15. Should he go on to become a physician, which entails college, medical school, internship and residency, he can begin practice not when he's 28, but when he's 25 And a student who opts for only four of the extra quarters will save a full year of his educational life. And note that these savings occur without "skipping" which sometimes means the loss of some important school work (And even if a student at an extended-year school *does* skip, he'll miss only 12 weeks of instruction, not 18 weeks.)

Finally an ambitious youngster doesn't have to pace himself this way to take advantage of the rotation-quarters system He can spend all his fourth quarters taking electives - and you can bet that the college of his choice will be very interested in a youth who has studied oceanography or space science or 19th Century music or what-have-you

At the other end of the scale, if a youngster is a slow learner and is left back, he can immediately repeat that quarter, and later on the same year or the next year take the extra quarter and catch up with his regular classmates. He won't have to suffer the ignominy of being a tall and husky 15-year-old in a class of diminutive 13-year-olds, and consequently he may not drop out of school as he might in the typical school system

Normal, nonambitious youngsters will profit, too If a student becomes ill and drops out during one quarter, he can make up that quarter very quickly, and not fall behind his class Furthermore, under the rotating-quarters system, the student at least initially may be in a smaller class, getting more individualized instruction And finally, the normal student will have something to busy himself with in the summer if he's of a mind to. As the National Education Association's Glenn Robinson puts it, "The picture of a vacationing lad wending his way to the fishing hole no longer portrays life in our urban society. Today's youths more often face steaming asphalt streets at worst, or two weeks at summer camp at best "

It all sounds marvelous, doesn't it? Saving money by not putting up expensive school buildings.. letting ambitious students go fast.. helping slower students catch up .. cutting down the dropout rate and the juvenile delinquency rate ...changing the country's vacation habits.

"It'l never work'" did I hear someone say? Well, let's see

Right now, only a handful of schools in this country have an extended year--Nova High School in Fort Lauderdale, Florida Florida State Laboratory School in Tallahassee, Valley View District 76, in Romeoville, Illinois, and all 26 high schools in Atlanta, Georgia. The Atlanta school year uses the rotating-quarters system we've been talking about, so let's zero in for a good look

Atlanta's high schools (which include the eighth grade) started on a tuition-less, rotating-quarters system last summer Unlike the plan already described, Atlanta's students don't have a week's vacation between quarters. Instead, they get two weeks off at Christmas, two weeks off at the end of the fourth quarter, and a day off between the other quarters. The elementary schools enjoyed a fourth quarter last summer too, but an abbreviated one. Next summer, all elementary schools will be entering the full rotating-quarters plan

The man chiefly responsible for this revolution is Superintendent of Schools John W Letson, a 59-year-old educator who went to Auburn University in Alabama then got his M A and Ph D degrees from Columbia He served in the school systems of Bessemer Alabama, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, before coming to Atlanta in 1960 A graying, pleasant-looking man, he speaks in a soft voice with a decided Southern accent

"We began the rotating-quarters system to introduce more flexibility into our curriculum, not to save money," he told me recently "You see, with the students having the time to take more courses, and with the curriculum split up into quarters instead of halves, we can offer a tremendous variety of courses. In the typical high school, for instance, a student has a choice of 12 English courses. In our high schools, students have a choice of 60 English courses. And we offer everything from remedial reading and English grammar to creative writing and advanced Shakespeare. And our electives in other subjects include such things as oceanography and electronic music."

Have there been any unforeseen problems?"

"Not really, and the reason is that everything is voluntary Students can attend school for three quarters or, if they desire, for all four quarters. Teachers can work for three quarters, or they can work all four quarters and receive more money. There's nobody forcing them, and that's why we've succeeded where other school systems in the past have not "

"How many students have chosen to attend school all year round?"

Of our 35,000 high-school students, about a third- 12,000 decided to take the fourth quarter And about the same proportion of teachers chose to teach the fourth quarter Only a few thousand of our 110,000 elementary-school students did, but next summer we expect many more

"The great majority of our high-school students vacationed during the summer quarter, too, but we expect that this will level off, and that eventually many will be vacationing during the other three quarters."

'Was it the best students who took the extra quarter? The most ambitious students?"

'It would be dangerous to say that," Dr Letson answered thoughtfully. "The students had many different purposes. Some, of course, did want to graduate earlier But others took the extra quarter in order to get a winter job "

"What with needing fewer teachers and fewer school buildings, do you expect to save money in the long run?"

In the long run, yes. But now, because of the extra quarter, the school budget rose $1 3 million to a total of $72 million. That isn't a great jump, though it represents only a few mills' increase in the city's tax rate. You see, we had a rather expensive summer program beforehand, and 70% of our students were taking summer courses. And we don't have smaller classes or fewer teachers now We've put our gains into offering a more flexible school curriculum. That was our purpose to give our students better educational opportunities."

"Would you say that the rotating-quarters system is best only for large school systems, because otherwise you'll have classes with so few students that it would be uneconomical?"

"That might be true for a very small school system, but even a medium-sized system could arrange schedules so as to avoid classes that are too small "

"What about that old bugbear possible student fatigue and teacher fatigue?"

"Well, all I can say is that no one, no teacher, no student, and no parent, has mentioned it. After all, a month's vacation a year is more than you get in most other lines of work."

"What would you tell other school superintendents who are interested in setting up an extended-school calendar?"

"I'd tell them that the amazing thing is that we didn't go into this four-quarter system earlier It has all kinds of advantages that go beyond the advantage of using our schools 100% of the time "

Already hundreds of school administrators have written to, phoned, or visited Atlanta to get more information on its extended-school plan. Over-all, the *American School Board Journal* states, 600 different school districts are interested in the idea Illinois, Michigan Ohio, and New York have passed laws permitting an expanded school year In fact, New York is almost ready to institute a 210-day school year in several of its schools

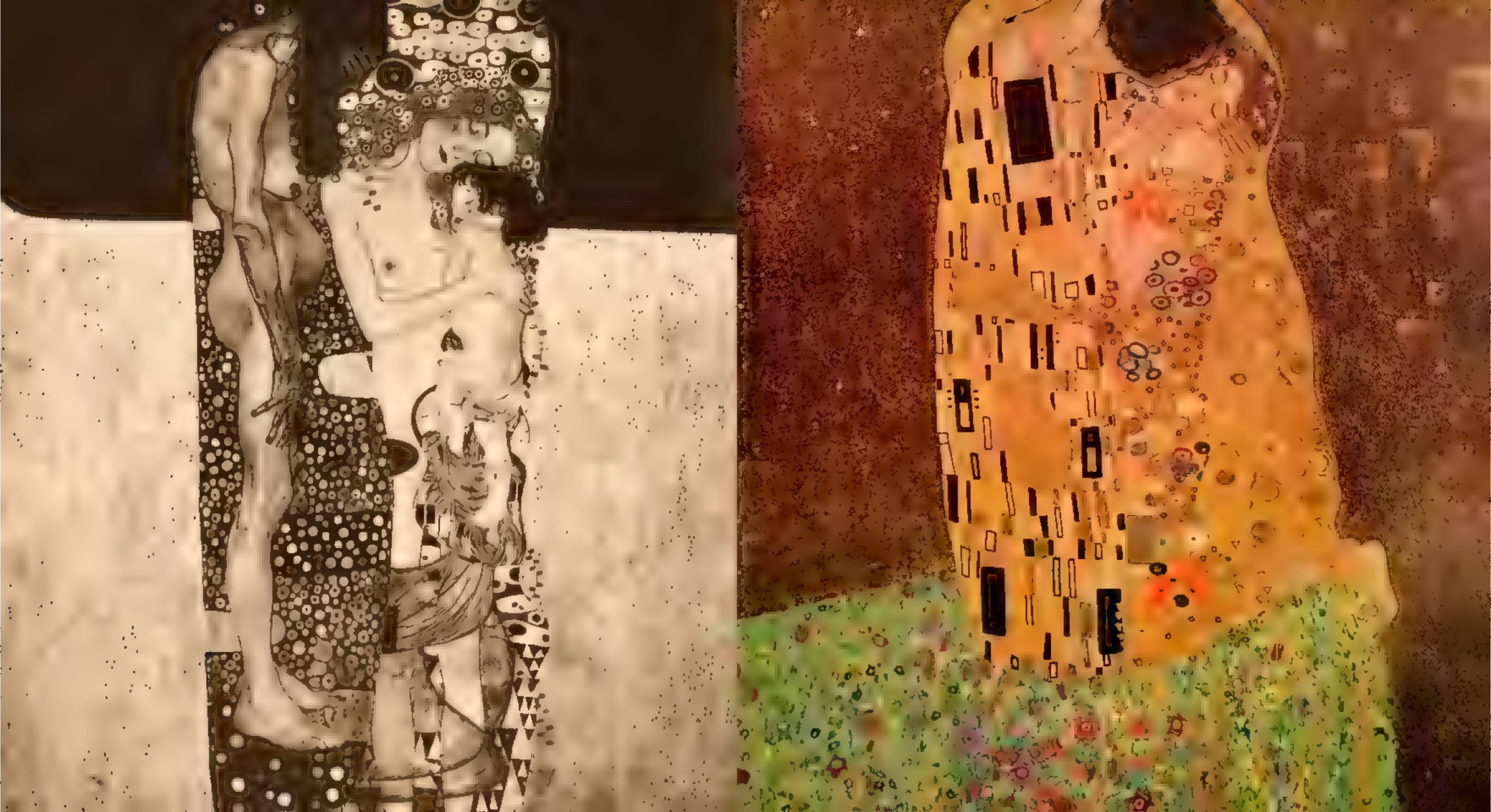
Among the famous who have endorsed the idea of an extended school year are Admiral Hyman G Rickover ("Today, knowledge advances at geometric rates and we cannot afford to have our children devote only half the days of the year to schooling"), former Vice-President Hubert H Humphrey ("...The human waste which stems from our padlocked schools is concentrated among those who need help most the poor, the unskilled, the slow learners. That is the ultimate irony, and the tragedy, of a nine-month school year in a 12-month society"), and former Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Arthur S Flemming, who has given all dilatory, small-minded school administrators fair warning ("Every taxpayer should make it clear that he will support programs for new school buildings only if steps have been taken to put the 12-month school year into effect")

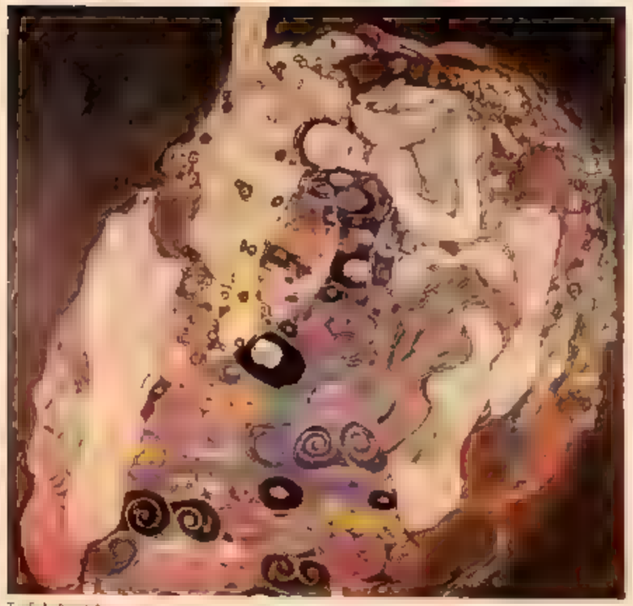
In short, the extended school year is just around the corner, when it comes we'll probably wonder how we ever managed before with nine-month schools. And then, inevitably, the question will come up, Why don't we extend the school *day*? I mean, just 6-3 4 hours of school a day for our adolescents is pretty soft "On the Continent," Admiral Rickover points out, "a little over 8 years contain as many hours of class instruction as do 12 years here And after all, the original justification for knocking off at 3 30 or so was that kids lived 10, 20, or 30 miles from school and had to walk home

But the case for extending the school *day* is still another story

# GUSTAV KLIMT: LOST & FOUND

OVERLEAF: THREE ASPECTS OF WOMAN





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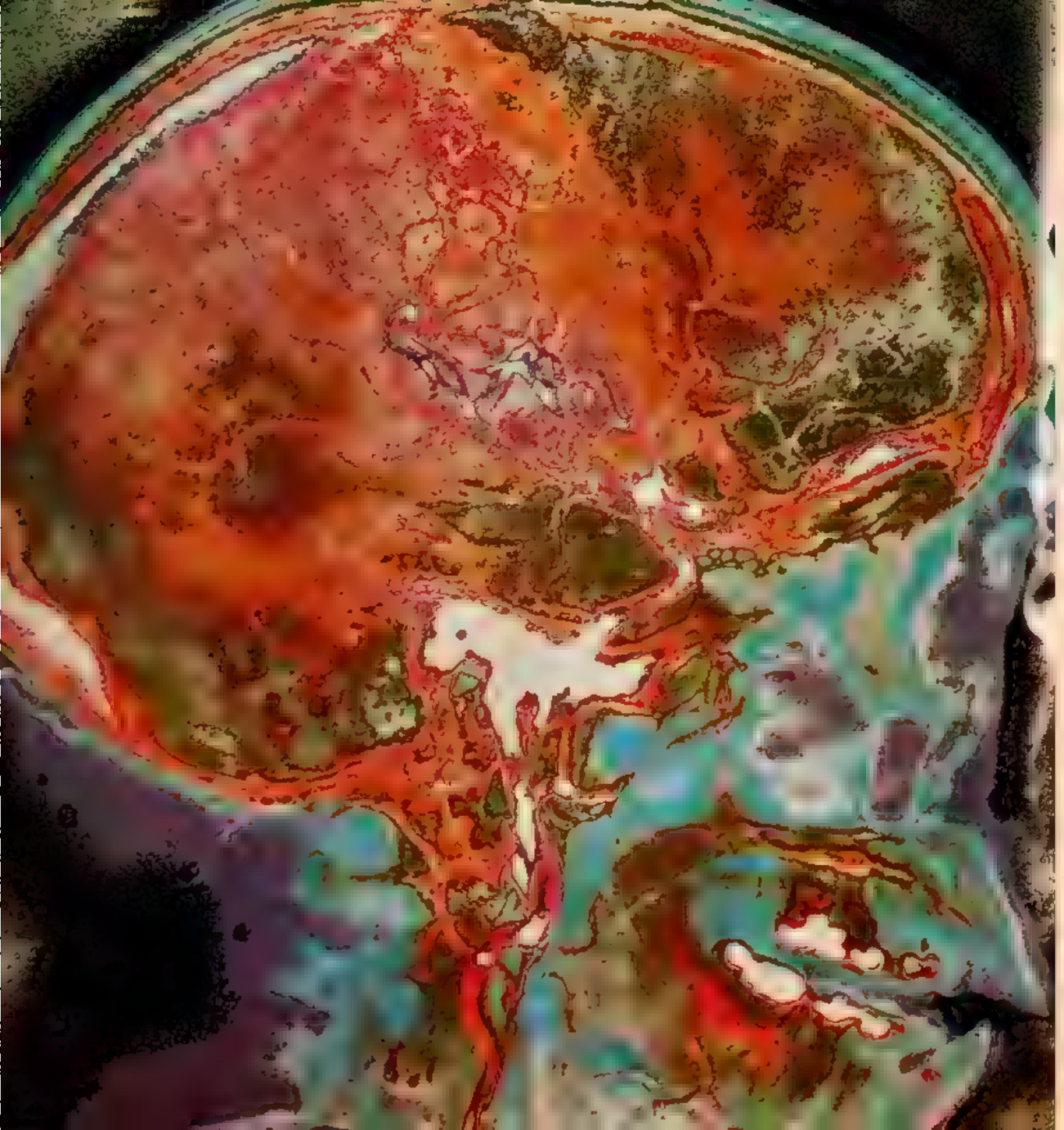


# COMING: MOLECULAR MASTERY OF THE BRAIN

**THANKS TO THE NEW SCIENCE OF MOLECULAR NEUROLOGY, MAN MAY SOON "EAT" HIS EDUCATION, "REMEMBER" THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED, AND "TRIP" ON SENSATIONS NOW EXPERIENCED ONLY BY WILD BEASTS**

BY DAVID M. RORVICK

THE UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE BRAIN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE MAY PUZZLE IT BY CONVERTING THE DIFFERENT IMPULSES VARYING IN INTENSITY AT DARK AND LIGHT AREAS THROUGH A PRISM WHICH SEPARATES THEM BY REFRACTING THE HIGHER-FREQUENCY COMPONENTS AT A FASTER RATE



Memory transplants? Education by injection? Memory eating? Memorized messages that may make LSD unnecessary? Memories of things that never happened?

Extraterrestrials these things seem, are all down-to-earth distinct possibilities, the very real "magic" science that is even newer and more daring than molecular biology, its country cousin. Dr. Francis O. Schmitt, the renowned Massachusetts Institute of Technology brain researcher, has named this embryonic science "molecular neurology." It is founded on the epoch-making discoveries of molecular biology, which broke the cryptic DNA code, thus opening the doors to the manipulation of the very essence of life. But its directed at unlocking the innermost secrets of the brain rather than those of the body. It recognizes that the brain's fantastic capacity (the magnetic tape of a computer's memory would have to be several million miles long to rival the memory of a single man) cannot be explained in terms of the simplistic electrical theory that has held sway for so long. It posits instead an electrochemical theory that promises to place man for the first time in complete control of his mind and his memory.

The precise nature and locus of memory has been one of the most enduring and entrancing mysteries ever to confront mankind. Socrates used to spend hours musing over the "character" of memory. So did Shakespeare, who alternately regarded it, depending upon his mood, as a relentless and satanic foe and as a gentle friend, a source of solace and companionship. With the advent of early computers, many of which utilized resonating circuits as memory devices, scientists began to speculate that human memory might be a similar electrical phenomenon. They envisioned "bits" of data in the form of nerve impulses reverberating endlessly around loops made up of the brain's nerve cells, ready to be retrieved whenever needed. The late biologist Sir Charles Sherrington, a strong adherent of this theory, provided its most poetic summation when he compared the brain to "an enchanted loom where millions of flashing shuttles weave a dissolving pattern."

Many scientists, however, were troubled by the theory, pointing out that the brain's ten billion neurons would have to accommo-

date some remarkably complex interconnections in order to store the estimated million billion bits of information that an individual brain accumulates in a lifetime. Later experiments, moreover, convincingly demonstrated that electronics could not be the sole arbiter of memory. If it were, massive electrical shocks could be expected to "wash out" the tenuous impulses that were said to be bounding endlessly through the brain, leaving the victim totally amnesic. Electroshock experiments with rats and other animals demonstrated that memory of recently acquired knowledge could be obliterated in this way. But once the knowledge had "set" (in many cases after only a few minutes) the shock had no effect. The clear implication was that memory is indeed, initially, an electrical phenomenon, but one that quickly translates itself into something less vulnerable and more lasting.

When molecular biology revealed that the blueprint for an entire individual is contained in the microscopic DNA molecule, brain researchers reasoned that memory might also be stored in similar molecules, capable of capturing and encoding the electrical impulses that continually bombard the brain via the five senses. The electrochemical theory of memory was born, and it was not long until dramatic evidence began to accumulate in its support, startling brain researchers around the world, recognizing as they did the awesome eventualities that may accrue as a result of these discoveries.

But what molecules encompassed memory? Dr. Holger Hydén of the University of Göteberg in Sweden was the first to provide any sort of answer. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he conducted a series of intricate experiments with laboratory animals, noting that the RNA content of trained rats was substantially greater than that of their untrained brethren. (RNA is another of the complex nucleic acids and one that works in intimate balance with the "master molecule" DNA, in the control and replication of life.) Dr. Hydén observed that the RNA not only increased with training but changed in chemical composition, as well. That RNA could indeed be the encoder of memory certainly seemed plausible enough since there are at least 20 million RNA molecules in every one of the brain's neurons, easily enough to combine in a million billion different patterns.

Further—and far more sensational—evidence that RNA is a prime mover in the making of memories began to surface when the imaginative Dr. James V. McConnell of the University of Michigan announced that some primitive little worms known as planarians had "eaten their education." The planarians were taught by means of electroshock to avoid certain parts of their training mazes. Later they were chopped up and fed to completely untrained planarians. These unschooled cannibals were able to learn the maze, avoiding all of the "forbidden" turns, in far fewer trials than other untrained worms fed on less exotic fare. Though such experiments immediately conjure up the specter of cannibalism in the classroom, there is little likelihood of *human* pupils ever getting an education in this way. Planarians were apparently able to absorb the RNA of their departed peers directly into their mini brains from their digestive tracts. Higher species will require a more sophisticated approach.

A step in that direction has already been taken by Dr. Alan L. Jacobson and his colleagues at the University of California at Los Angeles. Originally one of Dr. McConnell's associates, Dr. Jacobson struck off on his own and began experimenting with rats and hamsters. He taught the animals to perform specific skills, killed them and extracted RNA from their brains. This heady brew was injected into untrained animals which then acquired the skills in question with uncommon speed. The UCLA team, moreover, discovered that memories could cross the so-called "species-barrier." Rats, that is, were able to acquire new skills from the RNA of hamsters and vice versa. In a similar series of experiments Dr. Georges Ungar of the Baylor University College of Medicine, taught Swiss mice to ignore loud noises that would normally make them cringe in fear, then sacrificed them and injected protein-like molecules from their brains into unconditioned mice. Thus "treated" the untrained mice were completely unmindful of loud noises. (As for the difference in molecules here, it is now suspected that proteins may actually be the final resting-place of memory, but both the quantity and quality of the protein molecules would, in any event, be determined by the instruction-laden RNA molecules, preserving for the latter a critical central role in memory "manufacture.")

All of these experiments touched off a storm of controversy within the scientific community, and a number of researchers questioned their veracity. Now, however, one of the most prominent of the original "doubters," Dr. William L. Byrne of Duke University (working with Dr. David Samuel of Israel's famed Weizmann Institute), has achieved a successful memory transplant of his own. Dr. Byrne now flatly declares that "memory transfer is a real phenomenon."

So, also, it appears, is "memory erasure," a technique that could be used for great evil as well as great good. A leading light in this field is Dr. Bernard W. Agranoff of Michigan University's Mental Health Research Institute. He found that a certain antibiotic called puromycin halts the synthesis of protein molecules, apparently by inhibiting the normal functioning of RNA. Dr. Agranoff trained goldfish to ring bells in order to obtain their food, then injected puromycin into their brains, causing them to forget entirely this intensively conditioned skill. It is hoped that more refined drugs might eventually be used to selectively blot out the crippling memories of many neurotics and psychotics, allowing them to resume useful lives. It has also been suggested that such drugs might be used by unscrupulous political powers to literally brainwash enemies or rebellious subjects, making them "forget" the atrocities of their leaders. When asked by a reporter whether the Central Intelligence Agency had an interest in his work, Dr. Agranoff would only smilingly reply, "I forget."

Though researchers have had to proceed with extreme caution, memory experiments have already been conducted with man. So far both their intent and their consequences have been benign. Operating on the premise that an increased availability of RNA ought to enhance memory, Dr. D. Ewen Cameron of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Albany, N.Y., has administered RNA extracted from yeast to elderly patients plagued by forgetfulness. Crude as this approach was, he reported that many of the patients exhibited improved alertness and memory during treatment. He found, however, that the improvement faded quickly when treatment ceased.

Subsequently, Abbott Laboratories of Chicago discovered a chemical compound known as magnesium pemoline or Cylert. Though its developers have resisted hailing it the long-awaited "memory pill," some others have been less cautious. Results, in any event, *have* been highly encouraging. Cylert works by stimulating a brain enzyme that plays an important role in the manufacture of RNA. Cylert-treated rats learned given skills faster and remembered them far longer than untreated rats, encouraging Dr. Cameron to try the new drug on his forgetful patients. Preliminary findings indicate that Cylert works as well on humans as on lower animals. Some patients who could not even remember how to turn on their television sets have regained this vital faculty, thanks to Cylert. Others, who found it difficult to recall the procedure for tying their shoes, have returned to the Bridge table.

Ultimately it is believed specific memories (which, after all, constitute knowledge) will be readily available in the form of pills or injections containing benign viruses capable of penetrating the blood-brain barrier and infecting the brain cells with the desired information. Viruses are ideal for these molecular round missions since many of them are nothing but cores of protein-coated RNA anyway. In addition, they are probably the only agents capable of getting inside the desired cells at the desired time. Just as the molecular biologists are certain that genetic surgery is imminent, so the molecular neurologists are confident that the practicality of made-to-order synthetic RNA is just a matter of time.

When that time comes, attaining fluency in French or whatever other language you might prefer will, quite literally, be no more painful than a polio vaccination. This will be just as true for algebra, organic chemistry, musicology, law and perhaps even tennis. Dr. David Krech, a professor of psychology active in memory research at the University of California at Berkeley, has coined the tongue-twisting word "psychoneurobiochemeducation" to describe this merging of psychology, brain chemistry and education. Two French researchers, Drs. Alexandre Monnier and Paul Laget, have gone even further, suggesting that in the world of tomorrow we may not have to learn anything, even by injection, instead, they predict, we will simply be *born* with a full set of "memories" bred right into us via genetic engineering. This is what the late, world-famed biologist Dr. J.B.S. Haldane had in mind when he said that our children may one day come into the world speaking perfect English."

Though most of the research to date has involved rats and other lab animals, it should be amply clear that the ultimate target of all this new knowledge is man himself. It is not difficult to envision some of the blessings and some of the horrors that memory manipulation would visit upon mankind. We have already seen how memory deletion or erasure could be used to free individuals from the bonds of unhappy memories. And on the other hand, we have seen how similar techniques could be used to effect a unique sort of "cosmetic surgery" of the mind, for the purpose of excising memories of a subject population that would reflect poorly on The Establishment in power and undermine confidence in it. In addition, agents such as puromycin could give bacteriological warfare a new dimension—destroying memories and thus presumably the will to resist a takeover, as well.

Memory insertion may also have its sinister side. Totalitarians could conceivably use memory manipulation to achieve the ultimate propaganda mechanism, controlling loyalties, attitudes and prejudices, instilling hopes and fears. People could easily be "programmed" to remember things that never happened and forget things that did.

On the more positive side, memory control promises to revolutionize education, making it possible to "learn" complex languages and sciences overnight, while simultaneously enhancing the durability of memory. In addition, it promises to provide a means of preserving the memories of great savants, rendering their minds, in effect, immortal. If memories reside in molecules, as the evidence suggests, then "molecular memory libraries" are probably inevitable. Instead of books, these libraries will house synthetic copies of brain molecules extracted from leading men of arts and sciences. (The "originals" will be retained in vaults.) The scholar who then wishes to "tune in" on the thinking of a leader in his field will simply go to the library and receive the appropriate injection. Even families may have their own personal "memory banks" which certainly ought to be more vivid and rewarding than family scrapbooks.

Finally, memory control could open up a whole new spectrum of experiences for mankind, perhaps greatly broadening in the process man's understanding of himself and the world around him. Dr. Jacobson has already demonstrated that memories can be transferred from one species to another. This is not surprising at second glance. DNA, after all, is common to *all* life on Earth; there is little reason to suspect that the mind molecules would follow a different pattern and be diversified among the different species. It is almost certain that one man will eventually be able to acquire the memory and knowledge (in effect, the mind) of another man or woman (this, indeed, may supplant sex as the ultimate in sharing experiences); it now appears that a man may also be able to acquire the memories and knowledge of animals on a temporary basis. The thrill of prowling a jungle with the instincts of a leopard or swimming the oceans with the cunning and lore of a dolphin should surely surpass the most profound hallucinogenic "trip." When one speaks of "acid" in the future one may well be referring to *nucleic* acid.

Where does this leave society? Fortunately, at least a few scientists are beginning to alert the public to the great promise and the great peril of this new manipulative power. Most scientists, of course, would still prefer to be left alone and let their research lead them *and us* where it will. Dr. Krech, however, is one of the few who feel quite differently. Senator Walter F. Mondale (D-Minn.) recently proposed that a new national commission be established to study the social implications of advances in the health sciences. During Senate hearings on the commission, Dr. Krech summed up the gravity of current brain research which, he said, "is immeasurably more significant for the future of man than anything else now going on in science. It is my judgment that within five to ten years there will be available a regimen combining psychological and chemical measures which will permit us to exercise a significant degree of control over the development of man's intellectual capacities."

When we are able to manipulate the mind at will in the ways that have been discussed here, Krech asks, "Who is to decide what happens to whom? The brain researcher has neither the wisdom nor experience nor knowledge to tell society 'Don't worry your unscientific heads about this, I will save society from *me*!' All of society must provide the experts with political and moral and ethical guidance."

# A DAY FOR A LAY

PHOTOGRAPH OF W. H. AUDEN BY CECIL BEATON TAKEN IN 1930

## FIRST PUBLICATION OF A LONG-SUPPRESSED MASTERPIECE BY W.H. AUDEN

He put down his glass and stretched his bare arms along
The back of my sofa. The afternoon sunlight struck
The blond hairs on the wrist near my head. His chin was strong
His mouth sucky. I could hardly believe my luck

It was a spring day, a day, a day for a lay, when the air
Smelled like a locker-room, a day, to blow or get blown
Returning from lunch I turned my corner and there
On a near-by stoop I saw him standing alone

I glanced as I advanced. The clean white T-shirt outlined
A forceful torso, the light-blue denims divulged
Much. I observed the snug curves where they hugged the behind
I watched the crotch where the cloth intriguingly bulged

Our eyes met. I felt sick. My knees turned weak
I couldn't move. I didn't know what to say
In a blur I heard words, myself like a stranger speak
"Will you come to my room?" Then a husky voice: "O.K."

I produced some beer and we talked. Like a little boy
He told me his story. Present address: next door
Half Polish, half Irish. The youngest. From Illinois
Profession: mechanic. Name: Bud. Age: twenty-four

And here he was, sitting beside me, legs apart
I could bear it no longer. I touched the inside of his thigh.
His reply was to move it closer. I trembled, my heart
Thumped and jumped as my fingers went to his fly.

I opened a gap in the flap. I went in there
I sought for a slit in the gripper shorts that had charge
Of the basket. I asked for. I came to warm flesh, then to hair
I went on. I found what I hoped. I groped. It was large

He responded to my fondling in a charming, disarming way
Without a word he unbuckled his belt while I felt
And toiled back, stretching his legs. His pants fell away
Carefully drawing it out, I beheld what I held

The circumcised head [illegible]
With perfectly bevelled rim, of unusual weight
And the friendliest red. Even relaxed, the shaft
Was of noble dimensions with the wrinkles that indicate

Singular powers by [illegible]
It lay there inert, then it suddenly stirred in my hand
Then paused as if frightened or doubtful of what to do
And then with a violent jerk began to expand

By soundless bounds it extended and distended, by quick
Great leaps it rose, it flushed, it rushed to its full size
Nearly nine inches long and three inches thick
A royal column, ineffably solemn and wise

I tested its length and strength with a manual squeeze
I bunched my fingers and twirled them about the knob
I stroked it from top to bottom. I got on my knees
I lowered my head. I opened my mouth for the job

But he pushed me gently away. He bent down. He unlaced
His shoes. He removed his socks. Stood up. Shed
His pants altogether. Muscles in arms and waist
Rippled as he whipped his T-shirt over his head

I scanned his tan, enjoyed the contrast of brown
Trunk against white shorts taut around small
Hips. With a dig and a wriggle he peeled them down
I tore off my clothes. He faced me, smiling. I saw all

The gorgeous organ stood stiffly and straightly out
With a slight flare upwards. At each beat of his heart it threw
An odd little nod my way. From the slot of the spout
Exuded a drop of transparent viscous goo

The fair of hair was fair, the grove of a young man
A tangle of curls and whorls, luxuriant but couth
Except for a spur of golden hairs that fan
To the neat navel; the rest of the belly was smooth

Well-hung, slung from the fork of the muscular legs
The firm vase of his sperm like a bulging pear
Cradling its handsome glands, two herculean eggs
Swung as he came towards me, shameless, bare

We aligned mouths. We entwined. All act was clutch
All fact, contact: the attack and the interlock
Of tongues, the charms of arms. I shook at the touch
Of his fresh flesh, I rocked at the shock of his cock

Straddling my legs a little I inserted his divine
Person between and closed on it tight as I could
The upright warmth of his belly lay all along mine
Nude, glued together, for a minute we stood

I stroked the lobes of his ears, the back of his head
And the broad shoulders. I took bold hold of the compact
Globes of his bottom. We tottered. He fell on the bed
Lips parted, eyes closed, he lay there, ripe for the act

Mad to be had, to be felt and smelled. My lips
Explored the adorable masculine tits. My eyes
Assessed the chest. I caressed the athletic hips
And the slim limbs. I approved the grooves of the thighs

I hugged. I snuggled into an armpit, I sniffed
The subtle whiff of its tuft, I lapped up the taste
Of its hot hollow. My fingers began to drift
On a trek of inspection, a leisurely tour of the waist

Downward in narrowing circles they playfully strayed
Encroached on his privates like poachers, approached the prick
But teasingly swerved, retreated from meeting. It betrayed
Its pleading need by a pretty imploring kick

"Shall I rim you?" I whispered. He shifted his limbs in assent
Turned on his side and opened his legs, let me pass
To the dark parts behind. I kissed as I went
The great thick cord that ran back from his balls to his arse

Prying the buttocks aside, I nosed my way in
Down the shaggy slopes, I came to the puckered goal
It was quick to my licking. He pressed his crotch to my chin
His thighs squirmed as my tongue wormed in his hole

His sensations yearned for consummation. He untucked
His legs and lay panting, hot as a teen-age boy,
Naked, enlarged, charged, aching to get sucked
Clawing the sheet, all his pores open to joy

I inspected his erection. I surveyed his parts with a stare
From scrotum level. Sighting along the underside
Of his cock I looked through the forest of pubic hair
To the range of the chest beyond, rising lofty and wide

I admired the texture, the delicate wrinkles and the neat
Sutures of the capacious bag. I adored the grace
Of the male genitalia. I raised the delicious meat
Up to my mouth, brought the face of its hard-on to my face

Slipping my lips round the Byzantine dome of the head
With the tip of my tongue I caressed the sensitive groove
He thrilled to the trill. "That's lovely," he hoarsely said
"Go on. Go on." Very slowly I started to move

Gently, intently, I slid to the massive base
Of his tower of power, paused there a moment down
In the warm moist thicket, then began to retrace
Inch by inch the smooth way to the throbbing crown

Indwelling excitements swelled at delights to come
As I descended and ascended those thick distended walls
I grasped his root between left forefinger and thumb
And with my right hand cradled his heavy, voluminous balls

I plunged with a rhythmical lunge, steady and slow
And at every stroke made a corkscrew roll with my tongue
His soul reeled in the feeling. He whimpered "Oh!"
As I tongued and squeezed and rolled and tickled and swung

Then I pressed on the spot where the groin is joined to the cock
Slipped a finger into his arse and massaged him from inside
The secret sluices of his juices began to unlock
He melted into what he felt. "O Jesus!" he cried

Waves of immeasurable pleasures mounted his member in quick
Spasms. I lay, still in the notch of his crotch inhaling his sweat
His ring convulsed round my finger. Into me, rich and thick
His hot spunk spouted in gouts, spurted in jet after jet

# THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL CRITIC

BY TED TOWNSEND

Clive Barnes and wife arrive at theater

Clive Barnes is dance and drama critic of *The New York Times*, first man ever to hold both offices. Writing for the monolithic *Times* in the theater capital of the world, his well-hatted epicure is unquestionably the most powerful critic alive.

"I have no illusions," he says, twirling a vermouth, looking out at the Hudson from his twelfth-floor Riverside Drive apartment. "The job makes the man. A Barbary ape on the *Times* would be powerful, and if I got fired I'd have instant oblivion."

What matters is not that Barnes giveth and Barnes taketh away on Broadway, but that he is the Lorenzo di Medici of innovation. He dug *Hair* and the Williamson *Hamlet* and the Living Theater while other critics wept sterile tears for the Decay of Values or the Generation Flap.

He finds rising black playwrights more significant than languishing white ones, and hailed the musical debut of a great black non-actor. Muhammad Ali, also known as Cassius Clay for stage purposes, is heavyweight champion of the world by right and dignity if not by name, and he is beautiful. He does himself proud.

For this, Barnes got a bundle of racist mail. "You godamn fuck ing Limey."

He has also turned his critical attention to the much larger stage of the Peace movement.

His "review" of the Washington rally in November was the first ever rejected by the *Times*. It was out of date, they said. So it appeared in the *Washington Square Journal* of New York University, where Barnes teaches critical writing.

Countless thousands of hands he wrote were held aloft in the victory sign, bodies swayed in time to the beat, the words got louder and louder, the swaying more stylized. It was a moment of pure participatory theater, a moment of theatrical exaltation."

Barnes' biographers, struggling to suggest a mentally polished physically rough-cut gadfly, have grabbed such diverse models as Socrates, Falstaff, and Brendan Behan. Barnes himself once wrote that alas for the Hollywood view of critics, "elegant, suave and knowing, looking like either George Sanders or Basil Rathbone, wearing scarlet-lined opera capes," he looks like "a rather uneven cross between Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet."

In fact, he looks like a weight-watching truck driver or a professional wrestler. His clothes are casual, rumpled and experienced. His curly-brillo Hair may be short or long and it's not a matter of changing image; it just gets cut once a year and forgets about it. He speaks in a cockney lisp (as a child he stuttered still does under pressure) and his laugh is a merry bray.

And if he doesn't look like a man of enormous power, neither does he talk like one. The Broadway Butcher legend he feels is a superb creation of powerful producers. "Certainly a critic may give artistic inspiration or the coup de grace to a mediocre play, but he can't do a heart transplant or cure a bad play, nor can he kill a good one."

Every publication he has ever written for, says Barnes, "and most men are." In his view the right role of the professional critic is to enrich this do-it-yourself appreciation, not to replace it; the pro is not a judge but a builder of bridges between artist and audience. He has expertise, but his review is subjective and fallible. "Criticism is a rationalization of one man's opinion."

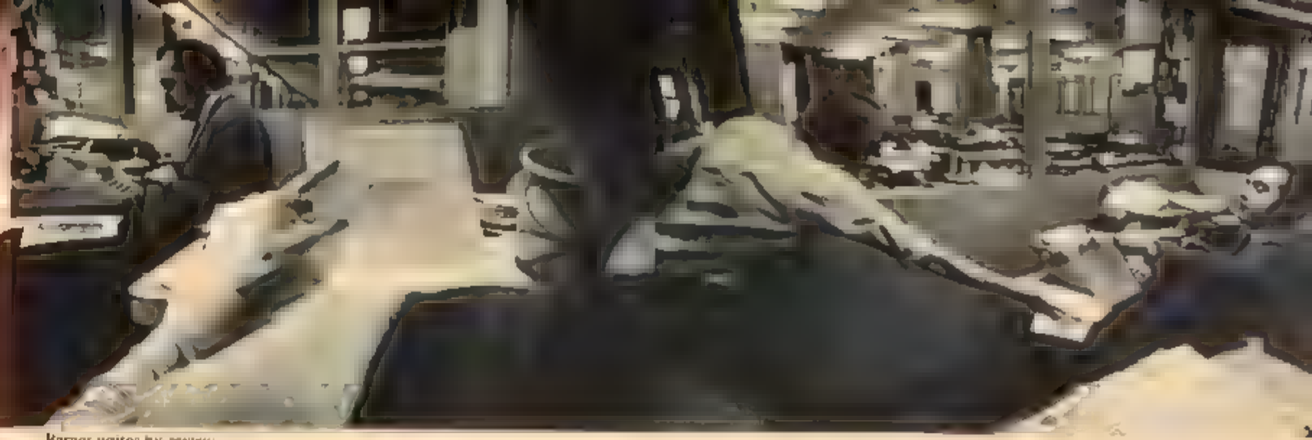
Clive Barnes at 14 wanted to be a critic as some kids want to be firemen or astronauts. He grew up in the London theater, but not in the usual way. His parents were not theatrical people or even theater-goers. His father, an ambulance driver, left the family when Clive was seven. Fatefully, his mother worked as secretary to a theatrical agent, who supplied free tickets. While that lasted the boy got hopelessly hooked on theater, and later he developed great skill for getting into performances without paying, as stage-struck youngsters do wherever theater exists.

"I went virtually every night by age 14 and it became a kind of life style. Dance was my great love, but it never occurred to me to be a dancer. It was during the war, 1942, and the male dancer who wasn't drafted had interesting psychological problems. He was so effeminate, so put down, the poor bastard you just couldn't identify with him.

There were no good dance critics then. Dance was given to music critics or office boys. Reviews in the papers were so stupid! An entire generation of dance critics grew up just because of this.

My original idea was to do criticism as a

The Barneses take customary aisle seats.



At play's end, they make hasty departure



Barnes writes his review



...and hands it to copyboy

Jack pl[illegible] sewing machine by [illegible] a radio reader [illegible] Ms. poetry was [illegible] by her Hunter Pr[illegible] Ms. [illegible] would be [illegible] by the creative p[illegible] [illegible] Jesus [illegible] going on the [illegible] welfare.

But [illegible] unbridled by people who say the critic is a frustrated artist. He is most often genuinely not. His function, of course, is much less important, entirely parasitic. Sometimes [illegible] gets a critic who [illegible] some of the essential generosity of the born [illegible] of which [illegible] the scars [illegible] more.

Young Barnes was [illegible] adventurous. Typical working-class overachiever. He won a scholarship [illegible] Cambridge, but dropped medicine because [illegible] money [illegible] were [illegible] enough. He [illegible] to drop out without telling the [illegible]. After RAF service [illegible] went [illegible] ford on a scholarship, read English, and was one of the Ballet Club's [illegible] boys, a generation [illegible] critics. Among [illegible] are Cyril [illegible] of the London [illegible] Common, Desmond [illegible] of the [illegible] and Francis [illegible] Greg Kere[illegible] of the New [illegible] and [illegible] *The Manchester Guardian*, Richard [illegible] of the *Sunday Telegraph*.

Marriage of [illegible] was not compatible with [illegible] career. [illegible] needed [illegible] help [illegible] dying [illegible] and [illegible] plans [illegible] the London [illegible] Opera. Next [illegible] theater [illegible] becoming [illegible] marriage [illegible] Alberta Wrenkle, [illegible] with whom [illegible] romance [illegible] born [illegible] forbidden [illegible] of Barnes' [illegible] at the [illegible] to be [illegible] theater. [illegible] was [illegible] day [illegible] was [illegible] I went up [illegible] to [illegible] of *The Tribune* [illegible] job [illegible] Lyndon Lyon [illegible] to [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible] of making [illegible] civilized.

Current [illegible] is now [illegible] Mayo, who was [illegible] at Mary Pl[illegible] Kava, writes [illegible] London [illegible] Barnes [illegible] overlooking the [illegible] His daughters [illegible] Trish, a delicate dynamo, takes care of the kids, the apartment, and the entertaining largely by herself; goes to the theater every [illegible] and [illegible] on to the *Times* to keep [illegible] flowing, while Barnes [illegible] his piece, checks his proofs, and reads a quick review in the *Times* station WQXR. The paper pays the [illegible] since [illegible] most mandatory that critics [illegible] openings. Not [illegible] one's wife [illegible] predigestion.

If [illegible] new [illegible] and sorry you have secretary. Office secretary is Clara Reiter, whom Barnes calls "My Jewish mother. She likes to remind me of my quarter Jewish parentage. 'You're Jewish,' she'll say. 'Don't forget it.'"

One [illegible] Barnes married [illegible] the Countess Clarissa Rose [illegible] greatest [illegible] friend. [illegible] works [illegible] Paris *Daily Mail*, *The Times* of London, [illegible] *The Sunday Times* [illegible] *The Spectator*, [illegible] contributor [illegible] *The New Yorker* [illegible] editor of *The New York Times Book Review*, [illegible] Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. Barnes [illegible] Swope [illegible] Paris [illegible] Five years after [illegible] *The New Yorker* [illegible] Swope [illegible] paper over [illegible] of [illegible] they [illegible] super but New York is [illegible] exciting. You know [illegible] an element of danger [illegible] for the [illegible] who [illegible] that for romance [illegible] the jungle.

And America's more exciting. I wasn't politically involved and I came here. Who cares whether Wilson or Heath is Prime Minister, same guys in different masks. Europe just doesn't matter, but what America does has enormous effect on the entire world. I love it with the [illegible] and [illegible].

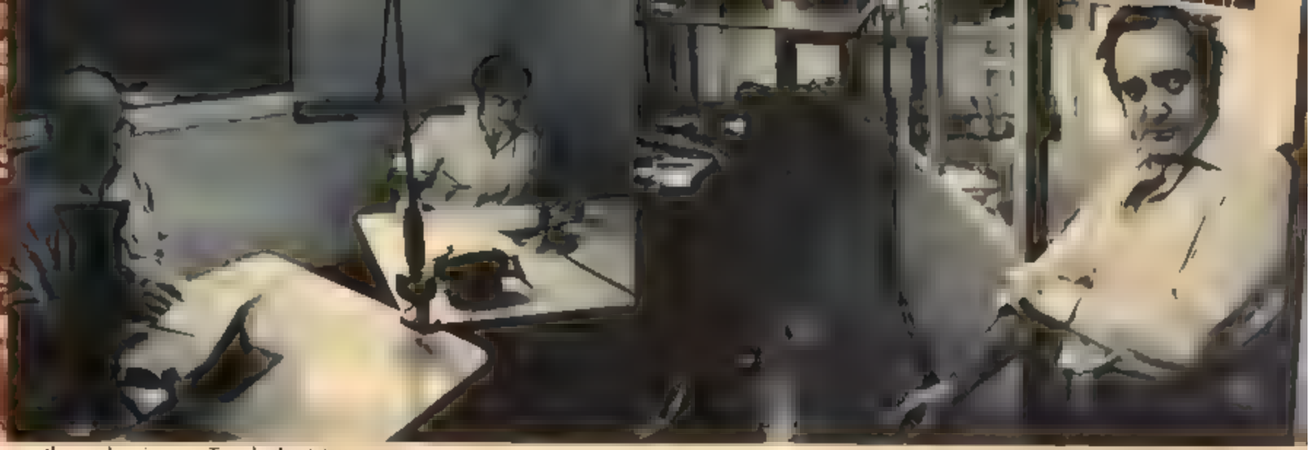
At first I thought I wouldn't change citizenship [illegible] was too chauvinistic [illegible] but [illegible] my citizenship. You were what you were, and it was not [illegible] important what label you travel [illegible] I changed labels was [illegible] of betrayal of the [illegible] country.

America's very [illegible]. The kids would get [illegible] school and pledge allegiance and I thought, Jesus Christ, this is just like Hitler. Anti-[illegible] being the right to carry arms, she [illegible] be part [illegible] Where [illegible] was [illegible] any gadgum rags?

But I began to understand the [illegible] real [illegible] [illegible] there [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] push past [illegible] frontier. Anti-[illegible] you're [illegible] don't feel you have a proper [illegible] Jasson.

[illegible] New York [illegible] London [illegible] the Boston [illegible] Public Language means everything. You [illegible] state what you speak. Look at the New York [illegible] Ballet. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Barnes confers with editor



makes last-minute changes



then reads review over Times' radio station



Finally, Barnes calls it a night

as the work of Antichrist but the crowds came in their millions and they were turned on. Without words, critics feel castrated. It's like taking the words out of their pens. Knowledge of dance prepares you for the avant-garde theater of the moment. Grotowski and the rest, which is a most important and vital kind of theater.

He often writes of the new theater in terms of ballet. Of the *Apocalypsis cum Figuris* of Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theater: To a large extent this is a mime or dance piece. I was reminded of the choreography of Merce Cunningham.

And he ranked Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* with the Antonioni film *Blow Up* as a couple of strange ballets. "The play resembles a ballet in its dramatic ambiguity," and so does the film. Both belong to what Barnes feels is the most significant development of the modern theater: this move toward a theater of sensibility rather than sense. We see it in Beckett, we see it in Ionesco, and we are also beginning to see it in film.

While the *Times* continues to regard him as dance *and* drama critic, Barnes says that "I have never made any real distinction between the two. There is a verbal theater and a nonverbal theater, but then there are very few plays and a musical theater.

One of his favorite nonverbal musicals is the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater, a "multi-media spectacle which he calls the first fully successful technological theater." As Nikolais' dancers cavort in a psychedelic mix of colored lights and shadows and electronic music, Barnes whispers comments. "Better than *Man of La Mancha*." "Just look." And "They give me *Jimmy!*" "How can I get Merrick to see this?"

Here is the nub of Barnes' irritation with Broadway producers. They are like museum curators, or generals splendidly equipped to fight yesterday's war. If they wanted to know where popular theater is going they'd be frantically scrubbing Nickolais and the Joshua Light Show and The Who at the Fillmore East—the only place I know where the music, who asks people to stop smoking marijuana, still smokes pot.

For once, it's not a case of building a bridge from an innovative artist to an indifferent public, but of bridging the gulf between an established eager audience and a commercial theater of what Barnes calls "menopausal" mentality.

The only time certain couples sleep together is when they go to the theater.

Another new wave is black theater, but this seems likely to move on a separate channel. We have two nations. Id like a khaki nation, but Andy Warhol and black theater reflects this.

The white playwright in his affluent society has the problem of what to write about. The black playwright has plenty to write about. Where we were in the thirties is where they're at now.

People like LeRoi Jones see theater as a propaganda medium, and this is difficult to criticize as a white man. I feel threatened by *Slaveship*. It's a great Whitey play, and if you're Whitey you can't really like it too much.

But blacks have a cause, an impetus to write plays, which white playwrights lack. You get a pearl by the irritation of a piece of grit. Possibly the white playwright doesn't have the grit.

An incidental innovation in theater is the New Nudity. "As for simple nudity in theater it can be appropriate, and it's not often erotic. The body is not obscene, though it can be used obscenely.

Barnes offered testimony for the defense in the *Che* trial. He had not admired the play, but he is against any form of censorship whatsoever. Pornography has so much 'redeeming social value' in itself that it shouldn't have to defend itself. It provides an outlet for the sexually underprivileged, and I don't think it corrupts. You know, since Denmark legalized pornography, sales of the stuff have dropped way off, and so have sex crimes.

On the other hand, to put traditionally offensive material in the *Times* would be an invasion of privacy, as bad as a surprise nude in a children's matinee. When I write about *Hair* I feel a bit of a Charley not using the proper language in the paper. But a great many people do have different standards. People ought to be allowed to see whatever they want, but they have the right to know what they're going to see.

Clive Barnes was practically godfather to *Hair*. His enthusiasm was a factor in moving it from off- to on-Broadway and its present international success. *Hair* to him was a lot more than just a new *Oklahoma!* It was a major breakthrough for a new and radically different and much better generation.

When I was 20 I was not as moral as today's young generation, not as concerned, not as bright. I wonder what they'll be like when they're 30. Will they retain their awareness of life or cop out and be like us?"

In any case, the population is getting younger. I'm bad on statistics. I make them up, but in kind of 10 years' time there will be more Americans under 30 than over. The arts are provided by the middle-aged. When the young are in the majority, what happens? When the F.Lmore East generation goes to Broadway?" That's why Broadway ought to stop looking back to Rodgers and Hammerstein, and start watching the discotheques and the light shows and listening to Rock. It's not music that's conventional sense, but it's shared by effective and it's a protest against the Muzak kind of aural pollution that invades our lives."

All this new-theater enthusiasm does not dim Barnes' regard for the classics, but even a classic has to be *made* new. Critics generally felt Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet* lacked poetry. Barnes wrote that "poetry must first and foremost be relevant, and relevance is what Williamson is aiming for. It is in fact relevance—universal and unwavering relevance—that makes a classic. *Iphigenia in Taurus* shows us the shabby attic war in Vietnam."

As for the new *Hamlet*: "People want lyrics, not just mummified memories. Suddenly a play that used to be stuffed tight with quotations becomes vivid and fresh again.

Novel or classical, theater is due to play a role as religion-surrogate in an agnostic society, Barnes believes. He has written, with tongue perhaps in typewriter, that even the boredom of an Andy Warhol movie may serve for the boredom previous generations got from organized religions.

But he says quite seriously in mid-shush of the Russian Tea Room, "I don't know whether God is dead, but people are behaving as if God were dead. Now that they no longer get spiritual comfort from their friendly neighborhood priest or rabbi, they have to pay a psychiatrist, and they have to get a feeling of communality from pop concerts and sports and the kind of theater we see developing. Why go to Shea Stadium instead of watching TV with instant replay? People want to *partake*. Why Woodstock? Why was the Living Theater so successful in Broadway terms of sold-out houses?"

Barnes' interest in theater moves out into other fields. In conversation and in journalistic detours, as in the monthly column he used to write for *Harper's Bazaar*, he emerges as a social critic ranging over politics, religion, sports, fashion, books, music, sculpture, sociology, food, child-rearing, city planning.

Even in his own field there's a lot of activity outside the *Times* office: magazine articles, the lecture circuit, educational TV, the critical writing class at NYU, two major books in progress. He's doing a history of 20th-Century dance for Knopf and a book on criticism for Random House.

Home base remains the seat on the aisle, the rich critic's press row, to assess before deadline what may be the work of another man's lifetime," the worry about getting it right, the occasional regret for having been less than fair.

It's made Barnes a crusader against the first night, when the producer goes for broke, piling nervous tension on cast and critic alike. "An institution, a fraud and an abomination. The idea of it being glamorous is on a par with the idea of whores being good-hearted. Some of both are true, but most are straightforward commercial propositions, like Christmas or the wholesale marketing of Long Career.

But the play is still the thing.

Critics like even a bad evening in theater more than most people like a good one. We have to have this one-night thing, this built-in virginity. No one goddamn plans for a ten-times-a-week audience. The average guy has laid his money on the line, he's brought his wife or his girl or his boy, and it's a big occasion, a happening. The critic goes an inhuman amount, indecent and unless he has this inburst virginity he cannot survive. It's the test of a good critic: the living requirement of any critic, like every night's the first time. It's not at all a rare attribute. I think it's known as stage-struck.

Anyway, it's my job. And it most definitely beats working."

By Anatole Lerer

**Oragenitalism: Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation by G. Legman, The Julian Press, Inc. New York $15 "Restricted to and Suggested for Mature, Sophisticated Readers (Over 21)."**

None of G. Legman's previous books has been tabbed for the Book-of-the-Month Club or the Literary Guild or digested by the *Reader's Digest* or made into a smash movie or a hit musical comedy, and if Mr Legman has entertained any fond hopes about his latest opus, let me be the first to disabuse him. Why, he'll be lucky if *Oragenitalism* even gets reviewed in the popular press. In fact, when the puzzled editor of the *New York Times Book Review* gets finished looking up "cunnilinctus" and "fellation" in his unabridged dictionary, he'll probably send the book out to be reviewed by J. Edgar Hoover. For the subject of oragenitalism disgusts and frightens many people, and particularly us Americans. Only in America are the terms for practitioners of this high art used as vicious insults: cocksucker, cuntlapper and mufflver.

Cunnilinctus and fellation, in case the reader doesn't know by now are variants of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Mr Legman quite properly avoids the common spelling "cunnilingus," for although the tongue (*lingua*) does get quite a workout, it doesn't figure in the word's derivation (*linctus* is a Latin past participle meaning "tied"). Legman also introduces this reviewer to a number of useful words and word forms: irrumation, a form of fellation in which the *man* does most of the work; and cunnungues (as in he c—s her). cunnilinctor, cunnilinguent, chlorides, fellatrix, fellator, and fuckery: the last a room designed for the practice thereof.

It is an enduring mystery exactly why these varieties of the sexual experience are so deprecated in this country. Legman himself suggests that "The lay and even medical disapprobation of oragenital acts has been largely toned by the moral condemnation intended for the male homosexuality and Lesbianism with which they are often connected." One might add that this would be especially true in a country that prizes masculinity as much as the United States does, and has so little of it. Whatever the cause of oragenitalism's bad repute, it is to G. Legman that the world must give thanks for the pioneering monograph on cunnilinctus he wrote in 1940. This new book consists of an updated version of that monograph, together with new sections on fellation irrumation, and the 69. The fellation part is mainly devoted to "A Practical Treatise" on the subject, which Legman insists was written by some old French physician (and whose name, I suspect, was G. Legman). Why did Legman write the book in the first place? Because, he says in a profound bit of self-analysis, he wanted to undo the disappointment he suffered upon learning that he did not invent the 69, as he once thought he had. And why didn't he put a new title on it? Because in the hiatus between 1940 and 1970, William Burroughs beat Legman to the best-possible title: *Naked Lunch*.

*Oragenitalism* is a valuable and entertaining book. There is surely no one else in the whole world who knows as much about erotic literature and erotic art and sex itself as Scranton Pennsylvania's pride and joy, Gershon Legman. Sam Roth, Hugh Hefner, Albert Ellis, Isadore Rubin, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, nay, even Ralph Ginzburg himself could learn much from reading this book. It should prove to be especially helpful to wives who are expecting and cannot engage in conventional intercourse, as well as to men who have passed the age of virility, as well as to women who are not expecting and men who have not passed the age of virility. Merely as a fund of sexual information, the book should prove fascinating, especially if you have a dirty mind. And a dirty mind, as the English lexicographer Eric Partridge once said, "is a joy forever." And if you should ever be asked such a question in a school examination or on a quiz show, once you have read *Oragenitalism* you can correctly tell one and all just what a "flying fuck" is.

On the other hand, sometimes Legman's descriptions of all the oragenital positions and contortions are achingly dull. There are no illustrations in the book, a terrible lapse for it would have saved a lot of space if the author had prevailed upon some couple to demonstrate the tricky positions he is forever describing—oh say Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor or Reverend and Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale, or David and Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Worst of all, Legman's vast, bumptious ego is a source of continual annoyance. "Some twenty years ago, in connection with my invention of the ovulation thermometer ..." "The original vibrating dildo ... was constructed at my suggestion in 1937 8 ." "... nor do I give a damn what happens to my tongue after my death (I have been asked to will it to the British Museum) ..." (Presumably he has been asked not by the Museum's director, but by a lady friend.) Indeed, throughout the book one has the impression that Legman is boasting. "Look what *I* know, look what I've *done*, you duffer, you!"

One of the remarkable sexual positions Mr. Legman describes is as follows:

"The man inserts his phallus into the woman's navel (he having a tiny penis, she an enormous navel, or both), meanwhile with his left forefinger tickling the inside of the woman's right ear, with his right middle finger and thumb stroking the woman's left nipple in an 8 figure. The man's nose is encased in the woman's mouth, delicately groping for her tongue. His hair (and to accomplish this best he should have a crew-cut)' is meanwhile making the lower-case Greek psi (ψ) inside the woman's nostrils. His beard (and of course he has one, you dunce!)' is keeping the woman's right breast occupied. With his right big toe, the man is pedicating the woman—or, to coin a phrase, pedpedicating her. With his left big big toe, of course, he is entering her vulva, making all the while a figure ∞ Ξ ξ π ξ. The woman herself is ecstatically reciprocating everything, in addition to inserting an umbrella up the man's anus and gently opening it, as well as loudly humming The Queen of the Night's aria from my favorite Mozart opera, *Die Zauberflote*. She cannot whistle it, of course, because of the danger of biting off the man's nose.

Should the woman be at the same time desirous of cunnilinctus, anilinctus, eyebrowlinctus, or sacroiliacinctus, the man should ask a friendly neighbor to assist him—an 11-year-old French boy, or girl, will do perfectly. Beforehand, of course, he should have perfunctorily introduced the child to the woman lest during the heat of excitement she peer down, see a strange face, and shriek bloody murder. The child should eventually depart with a formal bow or curtsy: a *Merci beaucoup, Madame et Monsieur*, and a good swift kick in the ass for his trouble.

'In English, this position is colloquially known as 'Hitting a Grand Slam Home Run Off Tom Seaver' and in French as 'Le Grand Tour,' or *Cent Soixante et Trois*. Musically, it is best for the couple to be listening to Leonard Bernstein leading the New York Philharmonic in 'We Shall Overcome.' Odor-wise, the pleasure is enhanced tremendously if both man and woman have generously perfumed themselves beforehand with a bottle of Pepto-Bismol. And prior to the assumption of this position: how could I almost forget to mention this!!! both partners should have been painted bright green.

Kidding aside, despite Legman's ego and his sometimes heavy-handed jokes and his page-after-page of this-goes-in-here-that-gets-licked-there, *Oragenitalism* is highly recommended. If your local bookdealer doesn't have a copy you can order one for $15 from the Julian Press, Inc., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011. Send a copy to your local library. Send copies to your friends. Send copies to your enemies. And send copies to Doris Day, Shirley Temple Black, Ronald Reagan, or whoever you are sure would benefit from it. Can't you just imagine Governor Reagan's reaction upon getting the book at his office, puzzling over the title, taking the book home with him, then late at night, in bed, opening it up and alighting upon such passages as

"In the sixty-nine the usual complaint is that what is being done to one distracts one from what one is doing.

"In [illegible] cases of auto-fellation or self-[illegible] that have been studied, auto-cunnilinctus is apparently impossible: have proved to be those of homosexual men. (The two usual methods for auto-fellation are either by simply bending very far forward in a sitting position, or by lying on the back and throwing the legs back over the head.)

"The cunnilinguist's tongue should be kept in good condition. Excessively bright red color of the tongue, heavy grooves or furrows in it are signs of Vitamin B deficiencies which will also destroy the taste buds.

"Clitoral digitation of this kind requires powerful forearm muscles, and can only come with practice. The best training for the man, [illegible] playing [illegible] valve work in which the fingers [illegible] playing of the violin or of the ordinary guitar is perhaps the best training of all.

"As cunnilinctus, the beard of stuff is likely to tickle the woman's thighs and vulva in a delicate way which she will probably enjoy. A bristly beard, on the other hand, is likely to irritate her thighs and vulva. In general, the moustache is not likely to irritate the woman, but will probably tickle her fancy or excite her. A man with a waxed and pointed moustache, should probably refrain from cunnilinctus.

"It is sometimes practical, if perverse, to cunnilingue the woman through her panties or a nightgown.

"Probably the most playful practice in connection with cunnilinctus is the application of liquids such as wine, champagne (or bubbling soda-pop for the poor) orange juice, honey, melted ice-cream, whipped cream etc., ad lib., to the vulva. Whipped cream is best, and the vagina can be quite filled with it. Obviously no one but an imbecile would attempt to squeeze fruit juice into a woman's vulva with a lime-squeezer in hand. It is also not very romantic to pour canned grapefruit or pineapple juice into a girl out of two holes punched in a metallic can. If you can't use a blue-grass carafe, this book is not for you.

"A similar and very heady flavor is given to the vulva, by the application of sweet still wines, such as a good Port, Muscatel, or Malaga.

"Sophisticates often insert into the vagina fruits such as strawberries or cherries (swirl pitted cherries) or sections of an orange (a seedless orange, or slices of an apple deliciously dipped in honey, thereupon sucking or drawing them out of the vagina again and eating them with relish. The classical fruit used in this way is the banana... I have also heard very often of using oysters and mussels in cunnilinctus.... In any case, the practice of inserting any foods into the vagina and sucking them out again should not be attempted by Persons with false teeth or a dental plate.

"Very often the man can lie between the woman's legs with his cheek on her pubis, to feel, in the feel of her pubic hair while he eats or drinks (possibly dipping the leg of a squab into her vagina for sauce, or pouring wine over her vulva and drinking it from there).

"The oral masculation of the penis should be done smoothly, the fellator counting the seconds mentally 'One big rhinoceros, two big rhinoceroses' and so forth. If the man's rhinoceros is not actually so very big, it would be kind of her to use the same metaphor anyhow, out of a spirit of good fellowship.

"It is rather fun to the elaborate tickling of the man's frenum with a violin bow handled by a voluptuous woman. Actually to be effective this would require a good deal of rosin on the bow, and might not be very pleasant at all.

"Fellation [is] the easiest of all sexual acts—except for mutual masturbation—to engage in almost without preamble, or in cramped quarters. For instance, in an oncoming theater seats in the dark, in a telephone booth! When it seems absolutely necessary to have sexual relations of any kind in a moving vehicle, such as an automobile, airplane, spaceship Ferris-wheel or hover-craft, it is wise to have someone else do the driving.

"Let it be remembered to our shame that the greatest pantomime and comedian of our century [Charlie Chaplin, of course] was dragged through the kangaroo-court of American newspaper headlines in the 1920's, for having resisted an attempted blackmail divorce suit with the result that he was accused in court of having performed cunnilinctus on his wife. 'All married people do that,' he replied with dignity. But it has taken the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world, and Europe, half a century since then to admit it."

# THE SILENT MAJORITY

## PICTURES WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

BY JULIO MITCHEL

ITS THE
AMERICA
OR
LEAVE IT

# Wasted Yen

## An ex-G.I.'s tragicomic account of his yearning for, and bamboozling by, a Japanese prostitute. This is the second in a series entitled "The Lust Battalion: Sexual Adventures of the Avant-Garde"

(see page 66)

By Ralph Schoenstein

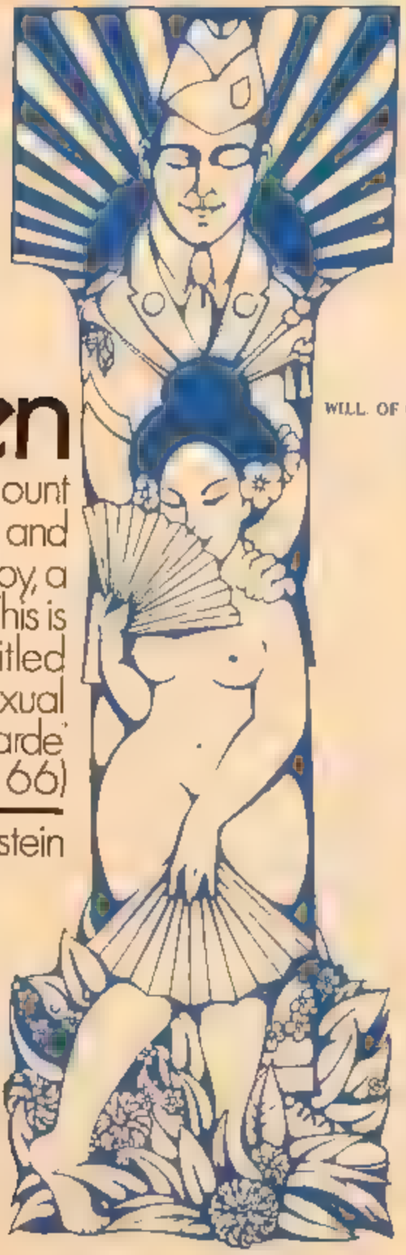


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL GREER

WILL, OF COURSE, always remember Pearl Harbor, but I also won't forget Mama Miyosho's of Yokohama, where Oriental treachery struck just a small part of the American armed forces, an enlisted virgin named Schoenstein.

When I stepped off the troopship in the fall of 1953, I was probably the first American armed virgin to reach Japan since Admiral Perry had opened the country for business and whoring a hundred years before. I'd been drafted in the last days of the Korean War when we were sure it would be a tie, and then after an intensive study of garbage disposal I'd been sent to Camp Zama, a few miles from Yokohama, where I entered uneasy celibacy with five thousand of America's finest young masturbators.

By December of that year, just after my twentieth birthday, I was still a virgin. To remain in such a state while soldiering in Japan is a feat roughly equal to staying dry in a shower, but I was biding my time, carefully checking reports from my gland-happy comrades, for I wanted my first woman to be one I could write home about, to be something much more than just a retail ejaculation. I wanted to bang Madame Butterfly.

Although my loins were getting ready, my heart was an ocean away. Night after night, I sat at the service club piano, serenading WAC Lesbians while dreaming of the round-eyed girl in gingham who waited for me in Davenport, Iowa. Davenport wasn't my home but I yearned to move there and settle down with Donna Reed, who had replaced Gene Tierney in my square and hungry heart.

Early one night near Christmas, I was playing "I'll Be Seeing You" for some butch corporals when Arno Gruber and Hughie Muldoon, two of my friends, entered the club. Arno was a tall solemn German while Hughie was as small and cheerful as a leprechaun but with much less education. When they reached the piano, we began to talk of love.

"Last week I really picked up somethin'," said Hughie.

"You mean a terrific girl?" I asked him.

"No," he said with an impish grin and then, not without pride, he pointed to his groin. "*Somethin'*."

"You mean the *clap*?" I said in awe, as if he'd won the Pulitzer Prize.

"Well, a little of it."

"How can you have a *little* of it?"

It's something called non-specific urethritis. It's like a cold only it ain't your *nose* that runs. Arno picked up somethin' too. Show 'im, Arno."

"Jesus, not *here*!" I said, fearing a Teutonic exhibition to top the Munich putsch.

"Iss only zis," said Arno, showing me a handkerchief with drawings of a naked man and woman in about fifty sexual positions. It was a pornographic Olympics, a handkerchief on which only a fag would have blown his nose. And suddenly I was seized by a wild desire to stain that hanky or at least to do a reading of the upper left corner. Suddenly I realized that there was considerably more to love than holding hands with Donna Reed.

"Hey, listen," I said, "are you guys going to Yokohama tonight?"

WHY IS THIS NIGHT different than any other?" said Hughie devoutly.

I laughed. "My mother keeps telling me to see all the shrines," I said.

Shit, if you've seen one Buddha, you've seen 'em all. Who wants to see statues of Jap

"Damn right. I wanna see a live Jap *woman*. And I don't care if she's Buddhist or not."

It was the battle cry of an aging Jack Armstrong, a burst of intercontinental lust that brought a rare smile to Arno's face.

"Aha, Rolf," he said, brandishing the hanky-panky, "you vant to look zis, eh?"

"Well, I might like to try—to try *that* one up in the corner."

It was a quaint little drawing of a man on top of a woman.

"Oh, no vun goes *zat* any more."

"It's okay," said Hughie. "He better use it for openers."

The position might have been out of style, but it still qualified as intercourse and that's the social event I was up to. I didn't care about screwing a la mode. I just wanted to start making up for all the time that I had lost at camp dances, college carnivals, and Brooklyn doorways.

Slamming a chord on the piano and E-flat call to lechery, I said, "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go."

We left the club and quickly walked to the company orderly room, where we each got a small package called a pro kit. Hardly designed to enrich the enchantment of an Oriental night, the pro kit contained a tiny tube of salve to be sent upstream after East-West relations. For Hughie, of course, this was like sterilizing the barn after the horse was infected.

"You don't always use these, do you?" I asked him, looking rhetorically towards his groin.

"Oh, I use 'em," he said. "But I don't always put the stuff on right."

WONDERING WHERE a wrong place for the stuff might be, I hailed a cab.

"Listen you," said Arno to the driver. "Mama Miyosho's."

And so, with a handkerchief for guidance and salve for salvation, I sailed forth towards Yokohama, cheered by the thought that I was starting my sexual career with the help of modern medicine and a very old French manual. It was also nice to know that I was finally having a date where there'd be no suspense about a weasel-eed wee hour kiss on Flatbush Avenue, for I could tell this upcoming date no matter how bad our rapport. "Good evening, drop your drawers." For the old handholder of the BMT, this was truly heady wine.

We left the camp a few minutes after nine. Soon a heavy snow was falling and my mind was starting to sing "I'll Be Home for Christmas," and I suddenly realized that my inaugural screw would be not with a Jewish girl or even a gentile but with a Shinto daughter of the Axis. The song then became "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor" as I thought with a chill that I might well be having the sister of the pilot who'd sunk the ship that my uncle had just missed taking when he'd gotten himself transferred to Washington. Weren't the Japanese still my enemies? No, I thought, only the men. I hereby forgive everyone else.

To banish such grim reflections, I made some manly talk with the boys.

"Tell me," I said to Hughie with a very casual air, "will you be getting a geisha?"

"Well," he said, "she might be a geisha on the side, but most of the time she's a whore."

I quickly turned to Arno. "Say, give me one more look at the hanky, will you?"

I needed a cram for the big exam. What if my Yokohama darling didn't want the standard Davenport position? For the rest of the ride I studied the silky catalogue, trying to prepare myself for a peripatetic acrobat, and while I studied Hughie and Arno sang "She Ain't Got No Yo-Yo," a traditional Far Eastern pre-copulation tune, whose mystical words, an endless repetition of the title, meant that either the girl was short a toy or that her swain was surely no fool.

When we reached Mama Miyosho's, my heart was pounding as it had done at the other major moments of my life: the delivery of my bar mitzvah address, the theft of my first pencil from the Five-and-Ten, shaking hands with Joe DiMaggio and my first attempt to feel someone's breast in the clothes closet at P.S. 87. A college English course had taught me that this upcoming moment had the greatest meaning of all, for I was approaching not just fornication (though that was surely part of it) but initiation into manhood. This was no bar mitzvah; this was the real thing, for "Today I am a man" had a truer ring at Mama Miyosho's than at Temple Emanuel.

The entrance to the house had not a red light but a yellow one, which I interpreted as a last message of caution. I put my hand in my pocket and caressed the pro kit. Then we slid open the front door, took off our coats and shoes, and entered a room whose only furniture was a small hibachi stove. There we were greeted by a lady in kimono and gold teeth who bowed to us several times while flashing a mouth that clearly contained most of her profits.

"*Konban wa*," said Mama Miyosho.

"*Konban wa*," I said, being especially fluent in the Japanese times of day.

"I get girls," she said, having exhausted her repertoire of social chatter, and she backed into the next room still all-giggles with oral ore.

FOR A MOMENT I FEARED that the girls might look like her and I knew my lust would flag in the face of precious metals, but then Mama presented eight young ladies, all smiling pure white and with the trimmest little figures. In fact, five were so trim that they had no breasts, so I turned my attention to the three who had managed to get something out of puberty. Arno was marching back and forth inspecting the troops like a horny von Rundstedt. Hughie had already picked the lovely he planned to infect, but I just stood there, sunk in indecision, feeling as I'd always felt at a smorgasbord. Which of these three little maids would be the best for ending my innocence? None of them left me inclined to tear off her kimono.

At last, however, I chose the girl on the end, who looked like the girl in the middle, and yet she also looked a little like the girl

next door, if the girl next door were Japanese. Her skin was shinier than Donna Reed's and her hair was darker and messier, but she actually seemed to have a look of innocence. Perhaps she was new to the racket, merely on a work vacation from school to see if she wanted this or nursing. At any rate, I took my foolish heart and gave it to number eight while Mama Miyosho gave us her rates.

It was eight hundred yen for thirty minutes of romance, officially called "a short time," and three thousand yen for all night. I decided to try the long time, which for me might be an eternity. I wondered about the suggested rate of copulation. Was it three or four or even more times a night? Was it every hour on the half hour? I had the vague notion that screwing had been invented in the Orient, by ancient Hindu handkerchief makers, and that the local schedule of orgasms would make me look like a eunuch. Was taking asleep a blot on your virility? If I hit her once and then slept out the night dreaming of *State Fair*, would I be known in the barracks as Old Sans Glands?

While I entertained these thoughts, Hughie was trying to lower the rates. Unfortunately, the troops had just been paid and somehow Mama knew it, but she finally went down to 2500, which the three of us paid in advance. I tried to give Mama the money without number eight seeing it, for I didn't want to cheapen a relationship that had a real crack at being beautiful.

Now the moment was at hand, and summoning all my courage, I followed my bought beloved out of the room while Arno and Hughie, bound for their own assignations, wished me luck. The next time I saw them, I'd be either a genuine man or a certified impotent. As I followed number eight upstairs to her room, I was doing more than just girding my loins. I was warning them they were to perform in spite of contact with a very unfamiliar object.

'My name Ralph-san," I said, adding the native suffix so I wouldn't seem so foreign.

"I KIMIKO," SHE SAID as we entered a tiny room that was clearly constructed around a bed. On the floor was a hibachi that didn't seem to be working, for I was much more inclined than in heat. For a few seconds, we both stood silently beside the bed, and then Kimiko suddenly did the most endearing thing she showed me her hospital health certificate.

'See," she said, "no VD," and my heart turned over again. I was truly falling in love with this little sanitary sweetheart. It may have been misplaced sentiment, but I actually wanted to win her, and so I probably had become the first man in the annals of Asian prostitution to ever go a-courting.

'You nice girl," I said, taking a little poetic license as the two of us sat down on the bed. "*Steki* nice girl-san."

*Domo arigato*," she said. 'You like see tits?'

None of my New York dates had ever made such a happy jump from amenities to mammaries. Though she surely was guilty of a non sequitur, I didn't want to carp.

'Why, yes," I said, as if accepting sugar for tea. "I like see both of them...*dozo*."

And before you could say Nipponese social disease, she was nude. Trying not to be flustered, I loosened my belt, showing my intention to at least meet her halfway. Then I smiled at her nipples and planned my next charming remark. Another GI might have used his tongue for different work, but there was so much I wanted to tell her. Unfortunately, I knew just forty words of Japanese and twenty-five were railroad stations. At last I said, "You come from here?"

"*Hai, hai*," she said. "I come every time. You see."

SHE HAD MADE a delightful play on words and I laughed, perhaps too hard, while debonairly opening my fly. Then she laughed too, a girlish giggle which showed me that the UN had a chance, for here were two different cultures, a middle-class American and a middle-class Japanese, forming a bond that was beyond my wettest dreams. Now my nervousness was gone, my pants were descending, and I wondered why I'd wasted so many years with the round-eyed brassiere-wearers of Central Park West. After stepping from my pants, I impulsively reached down into one of my pockets and said, "Kimiko-san, I have a present for you." Then I gave her a thousand yen, for I was no fool. I knew that Mama short-changed the girls. "Buy yourself some Eddie Fisher records," I said with a gallant little snap of the elastic on my shorts.

"Oh, *domo arigato*," she said with a big smile, and then sang, "O mein papa, to me he was so wonderful."

My dad was a swell guy too, so I started telling her about him while taking off my shirt.

"Mein papa work for *New York Journal-American*," I said.

'*Hai hai*," she said with her sweet dopey smile. "American, American."

Patrick Henry would have liked her feeling for his people. I felt ashamed of my lingering hatred of the Japanese, I also felt the first faint stirrings of lust. At long last, after carefully building our rapport, Kimiko and I were up to intercourse, which had a very good chance of being an anticlimax. All I had to do was remove my underwear and join her under the quilt where she lay grinning at me like a little girl with tits. To embolden myself, I turned off the light, and then, after a dreamy pause to watch the snow falling through the neon glare outside, I removed my T-shirt and shorts and prepared to dive in. I tried to hop smoothly into bed beside her, but I accidentally banged her pelvis and she gave a little squeal. She was adorable when in pain.

'Oh, I'm *sorry*," I said. "*Gomen nasai gomen nasai*. I've got such clumsy hips. I hope I no hurt you."

Once again, she giggled. She had a wonderful sense of humor.

As we lay on our backs in the darkness, our hips ever so slightly touching, I was awed by the significance of the moment: it was the first time I had been to bed with a woman since my mother had eased me out of a nightmare when I was six. I was clearly aware that it was now my move, especially in Japan, where men led the way. I was obliged to initiate something, but ironically, Kimiko was the only one of us who knew anything about sex. For a moment I wondered if I should run to Arno's room, on some pretext of course, and consult the manual. I trembled before the challenge. It was only eleven o'clock and I had to keep something going all night. Did prostitutes like pre-coital play? What *was* pre-coital play anyway? Was it all right to kiss a prostitute? Or only if she happened to be an old friend?

FINALLY I LET MY LEFT HAND drift almost surreptitiously to the top of her right breast while disarmingly saying "Hi."

She thought that I'd said *hai*, the word for yes, and so she said "*Hai hai*, can touch tits."

She didn't have to tell me that her entire body was prepaid, but I smiled and said 'Thank you."

Suddenly I remembered the condom that is, I remembered I'd forgotten it. Risking a rupture of our specious, I said, "Oh, excuse me a second" and jumped from the bed to my pants, where I took out the condom that had long been fused with my wallet and tried to put it on with the command of Cary Grant. However it took me a while to both inflate and apply this rubbery relic of adolescent dreams, for the years had made it almost one-dimensional. It had been smouldering in leather since the tenth grade, pressed between a picture of my mother and my membership in the United World Federalists. I rolled it on less in lust than in nostalgia.

When I returned to the quilted Kimiko, I tingled with the awareness that I now had the best chance of my life to get laid. All I had to do was get on top of her the way that so many Mid-Westerners still did it. Slowly but unsurely, I began to roll to my left, thinking of the way that NYU's Moon Mullins used to clear the high jump bar, and suddenly I was upon her, actually lying on the body of a naked girl! I had forgotten to neck and pet but it was clearly too late. I was wondering now about the etiquette of entrance. Did she guide me in or did I find my own way? I wanted her to do it, not just because it would have been a nice touch, but because I had only the vaguest notion where her vagina was. I knew it was somewhere under the quilt between her feet and her hips, but I was still afraid that I'd be tilting at a windmill and I didn't want the embarrassment of missing.

TENDERLY SENSING my problem, Kimiko piloted me in, but for some reason my excitement was still more mental than physical. What's *wrong* with you? I asked myself. This is it! This is what manhood is all about! And then I was struck by the reason for my sensual calm: a little rubber balloon had kept me from really knowing my beloved. I recalled a bit of barracks wisdom: it's like taking a shower with your socks on, so I suddenly withdrew and whipped the condom off. Well, not exactly *whipped*, slowly rolled with the anguish of a man undergoing genital electrolysis. Kimiko giggled. She had such a love of fun.

"I love Kimiko laugh," I said, sounding like the description of a sex act and a review, and then I gave her a little tickle under her chin that made her laugh even more. What depravity.

Remounting her with a lance now bare, I was about to return to the interior when I thought of Hughie. Kimiko's doctor had guaranteed that she was clapless, but was I applying for a dose of non-specific urethritis? With *my* luck I'd be picking up *specific* urethritis. But the *hell* with it, I thought. The hell with non-specific, specific, or even Pacific urethritis! For this enlightened virgin it was Hemingway all the way!

All the way turned out to be something less than an infinity of rapture. After roughly eighteen seconds, I reached a climax, wondering if I had set an Oriental record for rapid love. Withdrawing with a sigh, I silently cursed the organ that had provided this new definition of a short time. There was a very good chance that Kimiko hadn't been satisfied.

Moments after my instant orgasm, Kimiko got out of bed, said "I be right back," and went into a little bathroom, while I just lay there in the dark, feeling virile all over. A high speed ejaculation was certainly proof of *that*. I was also feeling sleepy, but I was afraid to take a nap. I might sleep through the night. I wondered if Kimiko would want to sleep or just lie around waiting for the next abbreviated thrill. Maybe there was some kind of desk where I could leave a call for two a.m.

When Kimiko came out, she was wearing a sweater and skirt, a change from her kimono that I took as a happy sign of her embracing Western ways. But why was she dressed at *all*? Of course, once the heat of passion had gone, the poor little darling couldn't stand the cold of the room. Very well, for all our subsequent love, I would let her stay in her clothes. I was confident enough that now I knew the way.

I go get gum," she said. "Okay? Be back *no sukoshi*."

"But...well, it *cold* outside and it *snowing*," I said.

'Kimiko need gum bad. Back *no sukoshi*."

She was clearly a Juicy Fruit junkie, but since it was such an American habit, I loved her even more for it. I wanted to offer to get the gum myself, but she was already dressed and she also knew the way to the store, while I was a paralyzed mass of chills curled up foetally beneath the quilt.

'Well, okay then, *sayonara* for now," I said paternally. "But Kimiko-san hurry back to Ralph-san, *ne*."

*Dai-jobu*, Ralph-san."

And with a tender giggle she left.

*Damn*, I thought, I should have offered to pay for it. Now I would have to give her another tip in the morning, unless, of course, another tip would be an insult to a girl who had taken me far beyond the normal whore-hooker relationship. I wondered if there was any special meaning to her sudden midnight craving. Could she possibly have been *pregnant*? She certainly fooled around enough. Still wrapped in the quilt I got out of bed and examined her health certificate, but analyzing it wasn't easy because it was written in Japanese. So I went to bed and pictured the Astor Roof as I started to sing to myself "Baby, It's Cold Outside."

WHEN SHE WASN'T BACK in an hour, I began to fear that something was wrong. Had she been hit by a car? Or kidnapped? Or had she fainted from her pregnancy and fallen in the snow? I cursed myself for letting her go out to get something as harmful to her teeth as gum. By 1:15, I was tempted to go out and look for her, but where would I look in Yokohama? And if she returned while I was out, then she'd be worried about *me*.

It wasn't till two o'clock that I allowed myself to wonder if she was coming back at all. But unless I was no judge of character, Kimiko wasn't just an ordinary whore; she was *different*. She just *had* to be lying sick out there somewhere. Well, at least she had the money that I'd given her, there was comfort in that.

The next thing I knew, Hughie's hand was on my shoulder and I was opening my eyes to see the first gray light of dawn.

'Kimiko," I said. "Did they get any word about her?"

"No," he said, "but I got the word about her. The cunt."

"Hey, watch that kind of talk. That's what starts the anti-American riots."

'Little ol' *Kimiko*'s the anti-American riot. Ya jerk, she bugged *out* on ya!"

And at last it hit me: Kimiko had left me for another—maybe a *dozen* others.

'A cute little trick," Hughie said. "I really chewed out ol' Mama-san, but she said that Kimiko don't really work here; she was just visiting a friend."

It had been my special fortune to fall for a girl who was freelance instead of staff.

I QUICKLY GOT DRESSED, no longer feeling the cool, paused only to tear up my membership in the United World Federalists and restore all Japanese to the status of enemies. I looked at my private Pearl Harbor, the eighteen-second bed, and then I walked out of the room. Well at least I'd become a man in more ways than the scheduled one, and my goal had surely been reached for my first woman had been one that I could well write home about. I might even send a note to the American Embassy, too.

The following night, Hughie, Arno, and I were in the Camp Zama theater for a new picture called *From Here to Eternity*. I was delighted by the chance to get back to Donna Reed but as the film went along, I was shocked to see that my girl in gingham was now a Hawaiian whore. She had lost her innocence too, and I was suddenly so sad that a mist seemed to come to my eyes, though I soon realized it wasn't tears but merely filthy glasses. I didn't have a handkerchief to clean them with, but Arno lent me one. I wiped my lenses with the fifty-odd positions and then looked up at Donna Reed and wondered where we'd both gone wrong.

# Thalidomide, cyclamates, and now... caffeine?

**THERE'S RECENT EVIDENCE THAT CAFFEINE CAUSES CORONARY HEART DISEASE. THERE'S ALSO EVIDENCE THAT CAFFEINE, BY HARMING A FATHER'S GENES, CAUSES BIRTH DISORDERS.**

BY WARNER BROWN

Ours is a caffeinated society. We Americans drink more coffee than milk, three times as much coffee as soft drinks, four times as much coffee as beer, fifty times as much coffee as hard liquor. Four out of five adults drink coffee every day, and one out of four of these coffee-drinkers drinks five or more cups a day. As for those people who agree with Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan poet and playwright, that coffee tastes like "essence of old shoes" — why, they probably get their doses of caffeine from swilling Pepsi-Cola or Coca-Cola, not to overlook tea and cocoa. And let us not forget that caffeine is also available in many common over-the-counter drugs, such as Anacin, Cope, Dristan, Excedrin, and Listerine cold tablets. Of course, should too much caffeine make somebody feel logy, all he has to do to regain his old zip is, supposedly, take No Doz or Vivarin, both of which contain as their chief ingredient caffeine.

Now it is a sad and a sorry fact that caffeine may have something to do with coronary heart disease, as well as with birth disorders. A few German scientists even suggest that caffeine could cause *all* of the birth disorders that we now think are "natural" birth disorders. Therefore many of the people now blithely drinking coffee or Coca-Cola or taking Anacin or No Doz may someday be acutely annoyed that nobody warned them.

Well, the truth is that they don't have any grounds for complaint. If they wanted the poop on caffeine and mutations, all they had to do was read the November 20, 1967, issue of *Chemical & Engineering News*. Or the November, 1968, issue of *Cancer Research*. For the poop on caffeine and coronary heart disease, they should have read the July, 1963, issue of *Circulation*, or the April 2, 1966, issue of *Lancet*. Do they expect the *New York Times*, *Time* magazine and CBS-TV to tell them *everything*?

As a matter of cold fact, the caffeine-mutations link has gotten *plenty* of publicity. Back in 1929, if you had been reading *Die medizinische Welt* you would have come across H. Stieve's enlightening report that when massive doses of caffeine were injected into female rabbits, their offspring suffered early embryonic death, or retarded development. Or if you had been reading *Archiv für experimentelle Pathologie und Pharmakologie* in 1938, you would have learned that caffeine causes mutations in sea urchins. *Hereditas* in 1949, mutations in plants. *American Naturalist* in 1951, mutations in bacteria. *Hereditas* in 1950, mutations in fungi. *American Naturalist* in 1959, mutations in common fruitflies (*Drosophila melanogaster*). *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology* in 1966, mutations in mice.

Of course, fruitflies and mice aren't people, so maybe you wouldn't have paid any attention to these reports even if you had been doing your homework. Besides, many common drugs — aspirin, and for heaven's sake, vitamin A — can in massive enough doses, cause mutations. There are even some thoughtful scientists who assert that any drug either can cause mutations under certain conditions, or it is a mere placebo — either it's potent or it isn't.

But most people don't take caffeine for their health or peace of mind, as they do vitamin A and aspirin. What's more, those German scientists already mentioned suggest that, taken even in small quantities, caffeine may cause mutations in human beings.

Before examining the key experiments, let's first increase our Latin vocabulary. *In vitro* means, literally, in glass. Something studied *in vitro* is studied in a test tube or a beaker or a dish, etc. *In vivo* means, literally, in life. Something studied *in vivo* is studied in a plant, an animal or a human being. End of lesson.

On to that issue of *Chemical & Engineering News*, which tells of a speech that Mrs. June B. Wragg, a biochemist with the Food and Drug Administration's laboratories in Washington, delivered before a meeting of biologists in Denver. Mrs. Wragg said that her experiments indicated that caffeine harms cells from a human lung studied *in vitro*. The data suggest that, on a molecular level, the caffeine may have prevented certain enzymes from repairing the DNA in these cells after the DNA was damaged by chemicals (DNA, of course, is the body's master planner). Mrs. Wragg, who drinks coffee herself, in moderation, tells me one simply cannot extrapolate from human cells studied *in vitro* to the human body; furthermore, most scientists think that caffeine is only a weak mutagen, one that might cause genetic damage only in very exceptional circumstances and that there is probably no cause for alarm. *Chemical & Engineering News* however made this comment:

> Public health authorities and the food industry sooner or later may be faced with having to answer this unsettling question: Does caffeine damage genes?

On to *Cancer Research*. The official organ of the American Association for Cancer Research, Inc., this article was entitled "The Mutagenic Action of Caffeine in Higher Organisms" and its authors were those German scientists Walter Kuhlmann, Hans-Georg Fromme, Eva-Marie Heege, and Wolfram Ostertag. After studying the effect of caffeine on human cells studied *in vitro* and on common fruitflies, they reported that caffeine inhibits DNA from repairing itself in the absence of light ("dark repair," it's called) and they went beyond Mrs. Wragg by reporting that caffeine also causes chromosomes to break when the DNA is manufacturing germinal cells: new life.

The second finding suggests that it is men, not women, whose chromosomes are harmed by caffeine. Women are born with all their eggs, but men are continually manufacturing sperm. "Since in women the DNA replication of germinal cells is terminated with birth," the authors write, almost no genetic damage would be introduced in women after birth. Caffeine-induced mutagenic damage, however, could accumulate in men." (It was only in their male fruitflies that carried damaged genes.) And they suggest that only one cup of coffee could break a hell of a lot of chromosomes.

Their conclusions as follows:

> The two aspects of caffeine action, inhibition of dark repair and mutations realized only during replication, could be due to the same basic mechanism. If the possible genetic damage by caffeine in man is estimated, using the tests in our experiments with human cells in culture and Drosophila, and assuming that caffeine is evenly distributed throughout the body, which seems to be true for the tests in man and for the germ cells of the embryo, we obtain a total amount of genetic damage due to caffeine in the neighborhood of the natural mutation rate. There is thus a strong likelihood that caffeine may prove to be one of the most dangerous mutagens in man."

Right now one out of every 50 babies has a severe malformation recognizable at birth. It is not known how many more babies, because of genetic damage, are stillborn. But it is known that we Americans great coffee-drinkers have a particularly high rate of stillbirths. And the aforementioned Dr. Ostertag believes that the effect of caffeine would be spontaneous abortions.

The German scientists point out that further experiments are now in progress testing the effects of caffeine on other mammals, studying the offspring of human beings who drink coffee. They end their article with the recommendation, suggested by their research, that experiments should be conducted to examine whether caffeine accelerates aging, induces malignant transformations or acts as a cocarcinogen (co-cancer producer) by inhibiting repair processes."

To settle the question of a caffeine-mutations link there really should be an *in vivo* study. The sperm of men before and after they drink predetermined quantities of coffee should be studied for chromosome damage. It is humbly suggested that the Pan American Coffee Bureau be big about the whole thing and sponsor such a study.

Back in 1963, writing in *Circulation*, Dr. Oglesby Paul and his associates studied 2000 middle-aged men and found a correlation between the men who drank coffee and the men who later developed coronary heart disease. In 1965 S. Belle, A. Kershbaum, and J. Aspe, writing in the *Archives of Internal Medicine*, reported that two-and-a-half cups of instant coffee significantly raised the level of fatty acids in their subjects' bodies. Finally, in 1966 *Lancet* ran an important article by a group of Canadian researchers: J. Arvid Little, Henry M. Stainsby, Adele Usmar, and Ruth Yano. They found that coffee significantly raised the level of serum lipids (fat in the blood) in 25 patients who had coronary heart problems, and lipids are one of the causes of coronary heart disease.

This was *not* found to be the case with eggs, sucrose, or milk fat. And it was found [illegible] the authors concluding that coffee has its effect only on people *susceptible* to coronary heart disease. Surprisingly, tea had no significant effect on the patients' lipid level even though it has the caffeine and coffee that seems to be the culprit. The authors write: "Perhaps the effect of coffee may be partly in combination with other foods or with smoking." Or, as the Dutch researcher Dr. D.A.A. Mossel suggests, [illegible] may cut down on the caffeine's power.

Still, a Manhattan internist, Joseph Kuh, tells me that "The association of coffee-drinking with coronary heart disease does not necessarily mean a cause-and-effect relationship. A high-strung person, for example, may be more likely both to develop heart disease and to drink coffee." Dr. Kuh also points to that "the increased level of fat in the blood of people who have drunk coffee may indicate that the caffeine *releases* fat from the body, not that the caffeine deposits fat." Which might mean that coffee helped *prevent* heart attacks.

On the other hand, some nutritionists have pointed out that here in the United States the incidence of coronary heart disease has been going up and up — over half a million people died of it last year. Also, since 1900 coffee consumption in this country has zoomed by 62%, while the consumption of tea has *declined* 46%. There are, incidentally, almost no cases of coronary heart disease in China, where people drink tea, not coffee.

The mass media probably haven't reported on the possible link between caffeine and mutations, and between caffeine and coronary heart disease, because they don't have enough scientists on their staffs who read the specialized journals.

But why hasn't the Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare acted? Why hasn't it breathed a soft warning about the possible dangers of caffeine? Why doesn't it force Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola to put on their bottle labels "contains caffeine"? I asked one H.E.W. employee just those questions. His answer was that, in view of the inconclusive evidence, it wouldn't be right to start people panicking. The way people have been "panicking" about the danger of smoking cigarettes."

As for you, Dear Reader, you might consider the suggestion that you drink Postum for breakfast and have root beer or Sanka for the Pause that Refreshes. Or if you must have your fix of caffeine, drink tea. Coffee has 100 to 120 mg. of caffeine per cup, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola has 77 mg., Coca-Cola has 33 (it's a smaller bottle), tea has 7 to 33. For you might keep in mind that if caffeine is ever definitively linked to birth disorders, it may be that the birth defects of the next generation will have been caused by all of us as members of the Pepsi generation. A.B. The caffeine in coffee is reduced if you use a "drip" pot, but is at its maximum if you boil the water and the grounds together. Cheaper coffee from Brazil has more caffeine than more expensive coffee.

At the very least, try keeping the kids away from caffeine just as a safety measure. For as it is, one out of every four children in the United States may be risking future heart disease and damaged genes because *one out of every four children in the United States drinks coffee every day.*

# BEHIND THE LINES

**Editor's Note: With this issue, Avant-Garde introduces a new department called "Behind the Lines." It will feature avant-garde scuttlebutt, choice information submitted by avant-gardists everywhere, and not necessarily having any news value. It is particularly appropriate that we inaugurate this department with the experiences of a young lady who was on a plane hijacked to Cuba, where she landed, literally, behind the lines.**

## FLYING HIGH
## BY JEANNE DEVRIES

The date was January 2, 1969. I had decided to start the new year vacationing in the sun. My father had offered his hospitality and I accepted. He has a nice home in Key Biscayne, Florida, part-time residence of Mr. Nixon. There had been three or four hijackings during the week, and I thought that it would be nice, and probably exciting, to be hijacked, but I didn't think too much more about it.

I quit my job at the record store in Manhattan where I had been working, and was given a going-away present by a fellow employee: a long, fat joint of Panama Red. Straight from the store, I took a taxi to the airport and boarded the plane, which had been delayed because members of a family had been separated from one another. A very nice-looking black cat in a suit was just about frantic over the loss of his wife and child. He smiled at me. Finally his wife and child showed, and they sat in the rear section of the plane. My seat was the very last one in the middle section of the plane.

We took off at about six in the evening, and I went directly to the bathroom, to try out the Red. After several pokes, I returned to my seat and pretended to read The Village Voice. It had an article about the closing of the Figaro, a coffee house, complete with picture of Tommy Ziegler, the owner. I was high, very high. Either the Red was coming on stronger, little by little, or the attitude was effecting the high. I don't know, but I was getting higher by the minute.

About an hour after we were out, I heard screams and shouting emanating from the compartment behind me. Someone was yelling, "Havana! Havana!" I was so stoned by that time that I automatically decided that it must be a joke, until I looked up, and there was the black family-man, now dressed in a brightly colored dashiki, with matching pill-box hat and beads, pointing a gun right in my face. He was holding a little boy under his arm, a hostage that he had picked up from the back of the plane. He looked a lot better than in the suit, and I smiled at him approvingly. He said, "We're going to Havana, baby." To me this statement was a dream come true, and I said, "Out-a-sight, man!" And it threw him—temporarily. I stopped him in his tracks. I wasn't afraid of him or his gun, and that blew his mind. I was actually delighted to take part in the festivities, and offer assistance, if necessary. At this time, the mother of the little hostage started screaming about her baby, and the cat moved on, walking up the aisle backwards, pointing the gun in everyone's face. Anybody could have tripped him, but most of the passengers were tripping themselves—on juice. They were reacting to him as if they were watching a movie. As soon as he passed through our compartment, into first-class, even before he reached the captain's cabin, everyone flipped and ran back to the stewardesses in the galley to order drinks. A flying cocktail party was now in session, with the main topics of conversation being hijackings, Cuba, and Castro. I couldn't bear it, and so went to the bathroom, and came out stoned, hoping the joint would last throughout the trip. I had a little more than half of it left. I attempted to explain to the lady sitting next to me that we were going to Cuba. She only spoke Spanish and I found the whole thing hilarious, since I secretly thought that she was Cuban.

Some frantic minutes passed, and then the captain came over the P.A. system. He was very lame. He said that the little boy was O.K. and for the mother not to worry, though I doubt that she heard a word he was saying. She was screaming almost constantly now. The black cat would have to grab the only kid on board belonging to a neurotic Jewess! I was beginning to get a headache from her screaming and was hoping that she would go into some sort of catatonic shock. The captain returned to us a few minutes later saying that we would have to fasten our safety belts from that point on because he was a little paranoid of landing in Havana. He was hardly reassuring. It didn't matter though, because everyone was drunk and no one was listening.

We circled Havana for a while and then landed. There were about a thousand soldiers there to greet us, of whom eight boarded the plane. They took our hijacking family off the plane, and led us into two adjoining waiting-rooms with fluorescent lighting. No one was told anything at all regarding our future in Cuba—if any. All information was second, third, fourth-hand rumor. There were about fifteen different theories as to what was going to be done to us. It was about midnight. There was talk of our being brought to a hotel for the evening and then bussed to another airport in the morning. There was talk of our being bussed immediately and flown into Miami in the next few hours. There was even talk of our being held indefinitely in Cuba as prisoners. Everyone was freaking—but not me. I headed for the bathroom and came out stoned. A guard approached me as I was returning to my seat and said, "¿Marijuana?" He then laughed hysterically, to which I could only respond, "Si."

I was really getting off watching everyone react in his own way to a situation over which none of us had any control. I felt quite removed from all the action as I observed everyone, especially the Cubans. The Americans were already boring me. The Americans were displaying a great amount of camaraderie, the tragedy-or-crisis syndrome that brings people together. But no one paid any attention to me. I suppose that I didn't look like I needed consoling. I was perfectly happy and smiling—stoned. I imagine that I seemed subversive to the Americans because I wasn't uptight. I really was enjoying myself, and they didn't seem to like that at all.

If I was a freak to the Americans, then I was a super freak to the Cubans. I am five feet ten inches tall, which is a good deal taller than any Cuban I ran into, and they were shocked by my mini-dress. All kinds of Cubans were taking my picture, including a cat with a large World War II surplus movie-camera that made a lot of noise. He took a sixty-second pan of my legs. We both laughed.

I started studying the soldiers and noticed that no two "uniforms" were the same—except in color. Some shirts had large collars, some had no collars. Some pants had many pleats, some had no pleats. There was an entirely different shaping and styling of uniform from one man to another. They all must have been instructed to bring in all their clothes, which were then dumped into a huge vat of dye. The guns also varied from soldier

# SEX APPEAL

The editors of Avant-Garde do hereby issue an appeal to readers of this magazine to submit to them, for publication, manuscripts describing their most memorable sexual adventures. The object is to create a series of narratives entitled "The Lust Battalion: Sexual Adventures of the Avant-Garde."

The second installment of this Space-Age Decameron appears on page 60 of this issue.

The manuscript you send may be as long or as short as you like, and there are no rules governing prose form. You may wish to pour the new wine of your experience into the shapely old bottle of the true-life erotic form, as exemplified by Frank Harris, or you may, like Henry Miller, adopt a style that is intensely personal. If you like, you may simply describe your experience in the form of a letter. The important thing is that the experience described *must be true*. It may be licit or illicit, normal or "perverse," ecstatic or embarrassing—*just so long as it really happened*. (Names may be changed—to protect the guilty.)

Send all manuscripts to: "The Lust Battalion," Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany your manuscript if you wish to have it returned. Avant-Garde assumes no responsibility for lost manuscripts, so please keep a carbon copy. Manuscripts accepted for publication will be paid for at Avant-Garde's standard rates.

So come on all you unsung Tom Joneses and Lady Chatterleys, respond to our sex appeal. Remember, a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled.

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The cost of a classified ad in Avant-Garde is 90¢ per word. There is a 10-word minimum, cash must accompany all orders, and Avant-Garde's editors reserve the right to rewrite any ad in order to improve its effectiveness. Count two extra words for box numbers. If you pay in advance for four insertions of your ad, we'll run a fifth FREE. We forward all box-number mail and submit postage bills periodically. Address: Classified Ad Dept., Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, NY 10018.

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to soldier. There were different sizes and shapes, some with interesting ornamentation in silver or mother-of-pearl.

We sat in the waiting-room and some people fell out right away. They curled up on the floor and used their coats as pillows. I didn't want to sleep because I didn't want to miss any of the drama that was being performed in front of me. It was historic, being the first hijacking of the year, and I dug it.

We were served ham and cheese sandwiches and orange juice during our first half-hour in Havana. The sandwiches didn't look too good so I gave mine away to a pimpley-faced kid who looked like he'd eat anything. The girls that gave us our refreshments were dynamite. They were dressed in royal blue, tight, straight skirts, that came down to their knees, and accessorized with navy pointy two-and-one-half-inch pumps. Their make-up commemorated Cleopatra, and their hair-dos, which were bee-hives with teasing and hair-spray, gave one the overall impression of a high school bad-girl from 1959. The girls came through quite regularly with one type of goody or another. A lot of people were getting very uptight because we had been there a few hours and absolutely no one knew what was going on. The girls would come through with large boxes of give-aways, like newspapers, cigars, cigarettes, or candy. They would go to a corner of one of the waiting-rooms where there was a table, and everyone, from both waiting-rooms would charge into the corner, shoving and with hands out. No pride whatsoever. I, of course, was too stoned and peaceful to get into a pushing riff and decided to give up my goody for some peace of mind. All the businessmen were getting into the cigars, and really piggy about it, too. I saw one man with eight cigars sticking out of his pocket. While they enriched their cigar stash, some of the businessmen chain-smoked, and figured out how much money they were losing by being hijacked. Some talked about how much they could sue Eastern Airlines for.

We sat in our adjoining waiting-rooms for about five hours, and were then hustled up some back staircase, getting glimpses of civilians who looked like they too were locked into 1959. We were split up, although it took us a while to realize it. My group was taken into a small bar. Since I don't drink, I wasn't too excited about the idea of guzzling at six in the morning. They were serving rum and Cokes. Everyone was getting silly drunk, which I found really boring. At the bar were our loyal stewardesses, who for all intents and purposes could be considered off-duty. They all sat in a row on the bar stools with their legs crossed in the same fashion. I'm sure it's part of their training. I let some drunk guy buy me a Coke.

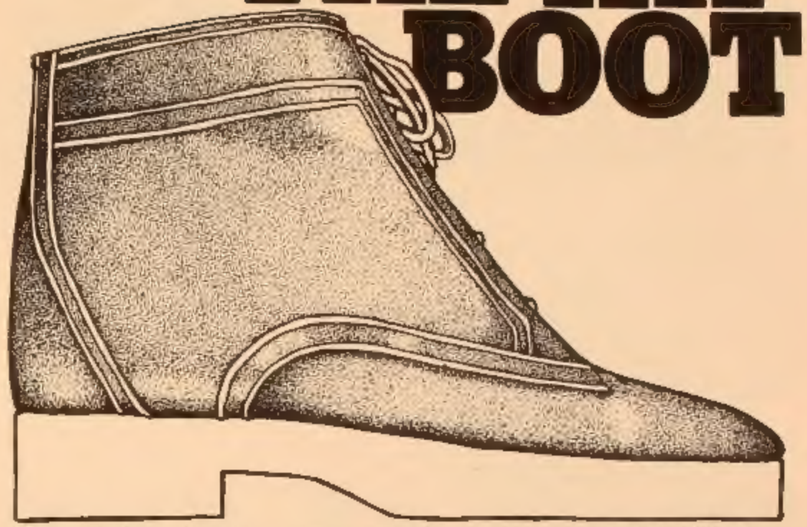
There was some more talk about being transported in buses sometime in the morning. This possibility excited me. If we had split earlier, in the dark, I would have missed the view, and my only chance of seeing Cuba. I, however, was beginning to worry about my supply of stash. If the ride were postponed too long, I would be straight and probably be brought down. As it was, I was stoned the entire time, and that was fine. I certainly couldn't ask for special permission to go into my suitcase for more grass. While at the bar I asked one of the Cuban big-shots if I could possibly stay in Cuba for a while. I really wanted to be part of the movement, but he was drunk and didn't believe that I was serious. But the other passengers did. It seems that the particular day that we were there, January 2nd, was the day of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution. There were posters all over the airport, of Castro and Ché. They were pop in style and very nice. I wanted to ask for one, but after my nonacceptance into Cuba, I didn't have the nerve. After declaring myself subversive in the eyes of the other passengers, I was now ostracized. The drunk who bought me a Coke split.

I went out of the room, and was surprised when I wasn't stopped by a guard. I walked around until I found the cafeteria, where they were serving breakfast. The eggs and toast were both cold, but the coffee was dynamite, really strong. I had three cups.

It was about seven in the morning when I noticed that our plane was being unloaded of its baggage. I got uptight, for the first time during the trip. Paranoia set in. I thought that the soldiers might go through the bags for one reason or another. I stayed in this state until I saw a Russian plane landing that aroused my curiosity. All kinds of freaks got off the plane: soldiers, orientals, Russians. It made me forget completely about my problem.

At about ten-thirty we boarded our buses, vintage 1945. It turned out that we were headed for another airport, about three hours away. I wasn't hustling so I ended up in the very last seat, squeezed into the corner.


# THE HIP BOOT



Most men today are hung up for footgear that is both comfortable and sufficiently versatile to coordinate with everything in their wardrobes, from dress bells, to jeans, to an embroidered tablecloth. An ingenious solution is newly designed footgear called THE HIP BOOT.

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I pointed out the things that I thought were groovy to the red-neck sitting next to me. He was more interested in looking down my dress than digging the scenery. All the former private enterprises had had their signs taken down and had been turned into government buildings. There were posters of Castro everywhere. I waved to everybody and received either meek little waves or blank stares. After about fifteen minutes I think that the driver and I were the only ones awake. I dug the opportunity and took out what was left of the joint. I unrolled a cigarette about a quarter of the way, stuffed the roach in, and lit up. I was enjoying being so open, but was careful to hold in as much smoke as I could. No sense being uncool. After all, I didn't want to start an international incident. Just at the critical moment when the cigarette turned back into a cigarette, a kid sitting in front of me turned around sniffing the air. He was wearing a peace symbol. I said, "You blew it, baby!" He went back to sleep smiling.

I must say that it was the best bus ride I have ever experienced. We traveled almost the entire way along the coast, which afforded me the unequaled pleasure of seeing the Harbor of Havana and the Caribbean ocean. The land is beautiful, amazing. There are soft rolling hills and sharp cliffs that lead down to the water. I noticed that there were palm trees in the mountains. This struck me as very odd. They had a beautiful visual effect on me because they seemed to dignify the land. There were endless miles of cliffs and coves, any one of which I would have really dug living in. Somehow it seemed more Mediterranean than tropical, perhaps because the water was a deep blue, rather than the pale blue associated with the tropics.

When we arrived at the new airport, without exception everyone went to the bathroom. There was much complaining going down in the women's bathroom. There were no modern conveniences, such as plumbing or toilet paper. The smell was beyond belief. Women were complaining bitterly while trying to navigate around the puddles.

After roll-call, which took about an hour, we got on our planes, and our Cuban adventure was over, except for Customs when we returned to the States, which was cool.

There were reporters, T.V. cameras, radio people, etc., waiting for us in Miami. I split right away, knowing that they didn't want to hear my side of the story,




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**The Editors**

AVANT GARDE

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